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"DEBAR."

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Round by the school-house shadow,
Close to the waiting row,
Boys' and warm, went Annie,
Her cheeks all in a glow,
Dashing and tarring sharply,
Tossing her paltawy over,
Now by the crazy wagon,
Now by the battered door.

Almost a prisoner taken,
Slipping her captor's grasp,
Turning to meet the challenge,
Safe from a darting chap—
"Debar." The wide woods echo
The ringing joyous tone,
"Debar." She stands triumphant,
Then to her task goes on,
One hand lightly resting
Over its fellow brown,
One hand the tree trunk touching,
One tabbed in her gown,
Key of the golden morning,
Key of the children's day,
Where touch and cry together
Her friends and foes away.

O, merry panting Annie,
I have you fain and by;
Fled for me some such shadow,
Some such a sunny day,
To sin, and woe, and weakness,
Faint heart and weary care,
So they may halt beyond me
In safety guarded there.

Better than Death's temple,
Beneath the oak-tree's shade,
Yield to me, Annie dear,
"Quiet find rest, little maid?"

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN BOND," "WOLF-HEART," "THE CLUB-FOOT DEAD," "MARK HARNEY I, IVE," ETC.

MR. HAWLEY, CAPTAIN DOUGAL AND THE MADMAN ADAPTING IN THE BOAT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TABLES SUDDENLY TURNED.

The scene of Fisty Bantam, the leader of the runaway convicts from Australia, at the commencement of a famous fight, was the centre of the island of Desolation, to which Hawley had been banished by the Australian court, to which he longed, even in his darkest hours, at the same time drawing a revolver.

In the dim light pervading the place, the duel not was the madman distinctly, or note his singular garb, and did he mark the strangeness of his questions. He merely saw that some one was there, and the mere fact of that some one's presence was enough to startle him.

What! inhabitants here?" he cried, in the quick, shrill accents of a madman.

The madman's question was answered by a shout of astonishment, as he drew into its vest-and-fife echoed plainly about him.

Inhabitants?" quoth he. Why did you suppose this island to be uninhabited?"

Of course I did—"

The sane man, then," roared the madman, slashing the point of his old rusty cutlass menacingly at the convict leader, "I have here you been all rope'ble, Bantam!"

Bantam! Fisty Bantam!" repeated Captain Bantam?" asked the madman. From what cloud have you just dropped down upon this island, that you are so foolish as to suppose it uninhabited? Why, the population of five ships has been between forty and five thousand for many years past! It was a governor, a council, chief justice, and a garrison of six hundred British soldiers, to say nothing of my retinue!"

Fisty Bantam recoiled still further, holding his weapon in a threatening way.

Fisty Bantam, indeed!" he shouted. sending forth still glances of terror around upon his followers. "Do you know that my ransom is?"

The entire body of runaways led heard, and were already jesting and crowding one another in a merried retreat around the narrow passage by which they had entered the grotto.

Bantam's slave understood the madman's tone. "And she's colonized here lately, I suppose, and has not yet heard of my escape? And we've accordingly run out of nooks into a noose! Ten to one there's been a penal settlement formed here! This will be worse than the same sort of a governor. He's evidently crossed in love under grinds! We must dig, boys! Get out of this!"

The retreat became disorderly. In their excitement, the thoughts of sharing the island with a white man included all but hundred black soldiers, as naturally decreasing to the convicts, was a thought that caught no encouragement to death.

There have of course been great changes here since the death of the Rajah," the madman proceeded to explain, as he stalked after his retreating convict leader. "The awful convulsions which have taken place here have scarcely a parallel in history! Whole towns have been swallowed up; mountains have been cut in two; and the sea has run over what was both land and valley—why, only the nearly lost my wits in trying to keep track of things! The island has nowhere swelled up to one hundred times its original size—"

Off! Don't come near me!" cried Bantam, to whom the words of the madman were lost in the rush and roar of freedom. "Off off!"

The madman was pleased at the visible terror and desperation of the host of men flying before him. He drew himself up proudly, haughtily.

So much for being a great conqueror!" he exclaimed, chuckling. "They have evidently recognized me as the great Napoleon. They have fled before my very name! Ho, ho, ho! Another victim at Waterloo!"

He slashed and hammered his cutlass upon the rocks around him, with a delight at sense of triumph, and then turned upon his heel and beckoned to Will, and Capt. Dougal, who had remained invisible throughout the interview amid the shadows of the inner depths of the grotto.

They way, Admiral?" he shouted. "This way, Marshal! Now is our time! Ho, ho!"

The retreat of the runaways was entirely the accelerated by these cries.

Ha! ha! Napoleon!" whispered Will, to Dougal. "We must find that secret passage spoken of by Bantam—the one leading to the sea. You look for it among the crevices behind us, while I take charge of the madman."

"We had better find it," the two chiefs from them. Yes, yes! Let us scare them with yells!" suggested Dougal.

"Agreed!" said Will.

The thought was instantly acted upon, and scarcely was the echo of the last cry given in the chamber, that the runaways supposed that troops of murderers had opened fire upon them, and their flight along the approaches of the grotto became a desperate one.

Well, touched the madman upon the arm, "I have it! I have it! Now, we must follow the Rajah, if we would reap the reward of our victory!"

Forward then! Take whatever course you deem best, Admiral."

Dougal had caught on a match, and its flame had instantly indicated a current of air through the grotto, and very cleverly Bantam had been upon the point of taking at most of the entrance with his sword.

Almost holding his breath, Dougal stepped in the direction thus pointed out.

In the midst of several fissures, he soon drew near to one larger than the others—one into which a current of air was steadily setting, as was indicated by a second match.

And as this opening soon extended into a sort of corridor, Dougal knew that he had found the opening leading to the sea.

Ha! ha! Napoleon!" cried Hawley?" he called, in a tone expressive of a profound relief. "Here is the secret passage?"

Passing his arm through the madman's, Will drew him toward the spot from which the voice of Capt. Dougal had proceeded.

Into a deep, dim recess plunged Dougal, and then began a narrow passage, which seemed to have once been a mere fissure in the rock, and to have been but little larger and straightened.

But the madman continued to follow him, and many was with sudden, in accordance with Dougal's example.

After a slow and toilsome march of some forty yards in a devious passage-way, Capt. Dougal reached a point where, upon turning an abrupt angle, he perceived a vivid gleam of light at the end of the passage.

He knew that this light came from the outer world, and the sight inspired him with hope and sense of relief with which the discovery of the passage had filled him.

Halting, he waited for Will and the madman to overtake him.

"The sea is near," he said, pointing toward the light.

In a moment more, continuing to press forward briskly, the two emerged from the rocky passage, reaching the open air.

Their joy at this escape was excessive.

They were upon the eastern shore of the island, on its bare side, and the island has many deep fissures reaching into the land, and the host of one of these fissures was not far distant from the secret entrance of the grotto.

The first movement of Will, was to gain the beach, and thus place the crests of several rocky ridges between him and the runaways, whose voices were heard in noisy confusion inland, and then he halted, turning to the madman.

"Now," said he calmly, "your majesty can save us—as as the bridge of Lodi."

The madman looked upon his rusty cutlass as fiercely as if about to equal the exploits of the immortal hero referred to.

We must take a short cut back to Christmas Harbor, sire," went on Will.

"To the Isle, you mean?"

"Ah, to the island of these intruders. You can lead us straight to those boats."

"Ah, yes!"

"It is a night less time than they will require to get there."

"Certainly. I'll pick a short cut, as you suggest."

Lead on then, I pray! The Marshal and I will follow you closely."

The madman bowed a grave approval, and set out for the head of the harbor named at a rate of speed which attested how well his constant peregrinations over the island had kept him in training.

As we thought to need a word was spoken, as we have already had about all they could do to keep pace with their guide, but as soon as all sounds of the runaways had died out behind them, our hero spoke.

That Fisty Bantam is shrewd," he said. "He will soon be on the move in this direction. The thought of six hundred British soldiers there the whole island off their balances for a moment, but then it soon occurs to them that they have a chance to capture a prize for us in the grotto, and then break in this direction."

But what is your idea concerning the Rajah?" asked Dougal.

My idea is to seize them—to push them off!"

It would—"

We may push them off! Our lives are at stake! We can no more be upon this island, after what has happened, than we can fly!"

But the boats are unseaworthy, as I told you."

True, and I have no intention of putting to sea in them. We are long and strong, and we have no provisions. But they, and all of the runaways, will be in the boats, and of all the rocks upon the We will go to one of the little islands a mile or two off the mainland, and wait for enough. In fact, to be perfectly free of all danger from the runaways, who will not be so much as an oar or a spar in their service, and who will accordingly be utterly cut off from the sea, as they are from the island."

Good! Capital! This movement—and this also—will be a race. If we get the boats off, we shall leave the means of getting ashore when the runaways will have also gained the island."

The project was communicated to the madman, who thereupon quadrupled his steps, as rational was his conception of the emergency, and in a few minutes more the trio burst out upon the sandy beach at the head of the harbor, and in full view of the boats.

Thank Heaven!" cried Will, in astonishment, "they are here, and the sails, we missed Dougal. "Here are liars and bad, and also some ropes and an ax. Here is quite a little fitting provisions from the island, including blankets and clothing. The runaways have evidently been employed their labor at the pumps before removing these from the vessels to the island."

Will and Dougal had been called away to look at the boats, or been a little uncertain as to their course," suggested Will.

"Be that as it may," noted Dougal, looking back into the harbor, "there are lots of things here which will be of great service to us, and which we should have had to have brought aboard at Sidney for my own use. Here are also several small kegs which I built of these stores are in the boat which is to be our own."

Ho, ho! This is famous?" roared the madman.

The plan of our hero for getting off the boat that was still ashore was formed in an instant.

He seized the ax to which Dougal had called the marshaling, and a few well-directed blows received into its original staves the head of the keg which seemed to be new containing sea-biscuit. These staves he proceeded to fasten together with the rope he placed the under the keel of the boat, and then to drive wedges into its stem and the water, in such a way as to provide a complete track for its descent.

Now then, all together?" cried Dougal, putting his shoulder to the stern of the boat. "We must and we have it."

The madman hastened to lend his aid, as did Will, and the trio tugged at the boat together. At first it did not move, but a giant effort finally started it, and a good bearing soon began to be secured upon the staves. The boat slipped more easily, and one long heave sent the keel of the boat fairly upon the staves, and

ened to respond. "In such uncertainties as now beset us, we must prepare for the worst. It is pleasant enough here now, to be sure, because it is now summer—the 28th of November—but this season is a short one, in this latitude, and we shall soon have old Boreas blustering rudely around us. Let's make ourselves a dwelling, therefore, of one of our boats, and keep the other in readiness for our necessary trips to the mainland, and also for flight, since flight may at any minute become our sole resource."

The two went to work upon this basis, and in the course of the day succeeded in getting the smallest boat into the desired position ashore, and in turning it over, securing their various effects under it. A supper was made of hard biscuit and salt pork, with rain water for their drink, and the three men then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep. A heavy rain which came on early in the evening did not seriously incommode them, as they had placed all their effects upon stones, and made their beds upon the tops of their barrels and boxes, and they slept soundly during the whole night.

The following day proved so rainy, however, that they did not feel like leaving the shelter of their boat, except to procure drinking water and to draw their other boat higher upon the little peninsula upon which they had resolved to keep it. They talked almost incessantly, therefore, from morning until evening. As they could not see a quarter of a mile in any direction, on account of the thick weather, they did not maintain any watch. They knew that no ship, whether friend or foe, would undertake to reach the island in the dense fog that prevailed, and they were equally certain that the runaways were alike ignorant of their whereabouts and unable to come off to the island.

The third day was showery, but not wet enough to keep the trio from their labors. Several similar days succeeded, and were all devoted to busy toil, so that at the end of their first week upon the island the unique habitation of the three men was completed.

And a neat, snug dwelling-place it was.

There was an open space under the centre of the boat that was nearly high enough to admit of its occupants standing erect. The entrance, which was upon the side next to the water, was low and narrow, of course, compelling one to stoop, but this feature was not objectionable, inasmuch as it rendered the interior less accessible to the cold, piercing winds of the island. This interior was a sort of cellar, we must admit, on account of the stone-wall, with mud cement, by which it was inclosed, but a few armfuls of coarse grass from a bog behind Cape Cumberland remedied this drawback, by hiding the wall, as well as the floor, from view and contact, and everything within the apartment was so arranged as to give it a neat and cozy aspect.

"We can begin living now," said Dougal, with cheerful patience, as he sat upon a stone before the boat dwelling, and bent swift glances upon the shores and waters around him. "We must get hold of some young ducks for our dinner to-morrow, and procure a good mess of wild cabbages from any point of the mainland that we can visit without risk of being caught by the runaways. A bunch of those little cresses you have described to me, Hawley, will add to our repast, and for once we must manage to command the luxury of a fire. We shall have to busy ourselves with all these little miseries, you know, in order to prevent our time from hanging heavily on our hands."

"Of course," assented Hawley, "and if the weather is not too hazy I mean to pass a good share of to-morrow in watching the entrance of Christmas-Harbor. I have a good glass at [illegible] napping. There is another thing too, that will claim our attention at an early day, and that is, the capture of a dozen or two of seals to supply us with furs for next winter."

Various other projects were discussed, and then the two men exchanged congratulations upon the great services they had received from the madman. He had not only toiled incessantly with them in preparing the boat hut, but his long residence upon Desolation had qualified him to offer a great many suggestions of the first importance.

"His presence here is a great mercy and blessing to us, Dougal," concluded Hawley, "even as our society is a great comfort and consolation to him. Poor fellow! if any good fortune ever comes to me, he shall certainly share it."

"He has acted so well during the past week," said Dougal, "that it seems reasonable to hope that he may yet become of sound mind again. He must have been a wild fellow in his day, but I believe he was always good-hearted, and that there is nothing really base or vile about him."

A cry of warning and surprise came from the madman, who was stalking back and forth upon the little plateau in front of his friends.

"We have finished our work just in time," he announced smilingly. "It will not want for admirers. The runaways are upon the point yonder. I can both see and hear them."

He pointed toward Cape Cumberland, which was a mile distant, the reader will remember, and the nearest point of Desolation.

Arising and advancing, both Will. and Dougal looked earnestly in that direction.

"He is right," said our hero.

"Bring your glass," suggested Dougal.

The glass confirmed the discovery.

The runaways had appeared in force upon the extreme point of the Cape, and were moving about excitedly, with wild gesticulations, and making a great uproar, with all their attention turned upon Sentry-box island.

"They are terrible to look at, with only this little arm of sea between them and us," murmured Hawley.

"But that arm of the sea is a sufficient barrier to their nearer approach," declared Dougal. "There are men there, doubtless—and Fisty Bantam is one of them—who would not shrink from a swim of a mile in still water, but here swimming is another matter."

"That's so," assented Hawley. "There is a flood tide here running two knots an hour, as Captain Cook has mentioned, and there are all sorts of currents, with patches of seaweed through which no swimmer could pass. We are safe enough until the villains manage to get hold of a boat, or of the materials for building a raft. But I do not imagine that either of these resources will soon be at their disposal. I remember that Captain Cook was unable to find a single stick of wood anywhere upon the island, or lodged against it."

The night fell upon these speculations, shutting out the runaways from view, but their cries continued to be heard until toward midnight.

No set watch was kept by Will. and his friends, but the nearness of the runaways, and especially their noise, had the effect of rendering him wakeful, and he arose several times during the night to make the tour of his little domain, and look toward Cape Cumberland and listen.

The days lengthened to weeks, and the weeks grew to months. The rain descended in torrents almost daily, and high gales of wind were frequent. No sail of any kind appeared. Will. and his friends kept themselves close to their little island, and the runaways remained permanently at the foot of Cape Cumberland. A portion of them had evidently continued to occupy their camp at the head of Christmas Harbor, to watch for their allies, or for their enemies, for Will. could never count more than twenty-five or thirty at once. During the first few days of their occupation of Cape Cumberland, they fired several shots daily, with their best muskets, at Will. and his companions, but they were not long in realizing the uselessness of these demonstrations, as the balls fell far short, and in concluding to save their ammunition.

The summer of '52 and '53 was thus spent—December, January, February and March—and the cold, gloomy fall set in. The rain became almost incessant, and the gales grew more and more terrific. Then came a calmer season of cold and frost, as the herald of approaching winter.

"The summer is ended, and we shall see nothing of any ship until spring," said Hawley sadly one day, after he had wrapped himself in his first suit of sealskin. "Ships never come here between March and October, which interval corresponds to our winter. We are booked for six months more of captivity, certain!"

"Well, the runaways are equally bad off," returned Dougal. "Strange that no one has come to their relief. There must be a hitch somewhere in their affairs. I've been expecting every day, for months past, to see some friend or ally come to their rescue."

"The Malay Gunner may have come to grief, and ditto that gang of runaways expected from Van Dieman's Land," suggested Hawley. "Or there may be nothing in the remarks you overheard about these worthies. The only certainty seems to be that we are booked for a winter's residence here, and that we must continue to have Bantam and his men for our neighbors."

"Well, there is one comfort left us, since we must remain here," said Dougal. "We have spent these several months wisely. We have a house that will stand any attack that rain or snow or wind can make upon it. We have plenty of furs for clothing, a large supply of food, a store of fat for oil, a bundle of resinous roots for wicks, dried turf for fuel, and a good supply of arms and ammunition. The case might be worse, as I have so often told you."

The following day was gusty and lowering, with raw winds, and a constantly increasing coldness. It seemed, in fact, too cold to rain. This sort of weather lasted a week, and then, with a furious snow squall, the long winter of Desolation set in.

Day and night, without a moment's cessation, the snow continued to come down, shutting out from the view of Will. and his friends everything except the few rods of space immediately around them. They had made themselves shovels of barrel heads, and they now busied themselves several hours every day in shovelling away the snow from their dwelling and their boat, and in keeping open a few paths to the sea and in other directions.

For three days and nights did this heavy snowfall continue, and then it ceased temporarily, the sky lightening, and the three men looked forth from their snug quarters.

The island of Desolation was one mass of whiteness. The snow was ten or twelve feet in depth upon a level, and in the ravines had accumulated to the depth of fifty or one hundred.

At the extreme point of Cape Cumberland, the white mantle had been tracked and stirred.

The runaways were still there.

Ice was forming rapidly off the Cape, and a vast field of it was creeping out toward Sentry-box island, as if to bridge the channel.

"This may be our last view of the shore, for the present," said Will., as a shower of flakes came whirling around him, intercepting his view in every direction. "Here it comes again! We must stow ourselves away again in our boat hut."

All the next night and day did this immense fall of snow continue incessantly, and then there was another pause in its fury—a break of an hour's duration, in which the surrounding waters and the shore of Desolation again became visible.

A volley of excited exclamations escaped the three men, as they hurried out of their hut and looked toward Cape Cumberland.

The fringe of ice Will. had barely noticed during the previous lull, it was so insignificant; this fringe of ice had been constantly widening, during all these days of tempest, and had grown to a vast ice-field, whose outer edge had now advanced to within a quarter of a mile of Sentry-box island.

The strait was three-fourths bridged.

No sign of the runaways was visible.

A long and fruitless series of speculations followed, and would have lasted for hours, had it not been interrupted by the storm, which began again, with redoubled fury, driving the trio back to their shelter.

The succeeding two days were so stormy that Will. and his friends left their hut only to keep their door-way clear and their paths to the sea open. To maintain a watch for any length of time was simply impossible, in the face of such a storm, and the trio did not attempt to maintain any. They were not even tempted to watch, the weather remaining too thick for them to see a dozen rods in any direction.

The storm had thus raged almost continuously about a week, when, one afternoon, Will. and Dougal, seated in their boat dwelling, were talking to each other of their homes and their loved ones. The madman was silent upon his bed, in a fit of profound discouragement. The apartment was well lighted by several wicks in a large basin of melted fat. A stout door of wood had been made from a couple of boxes, and fitted closely into the door-way, with a covering of fur, so that the occupants of the hut did not experience the least discomfort from all the warring elements without.

"How snug we are here!" Will. could not help saying, after a brief pause in the conversation.

"And yet the storm without is horrible," murmured Dougal.

Both men listened, by a mutual impulse. The wind was raging like a beast of prey. Now and then, above the roar of the waves, was heard a loud crash, as a huge cake of ice was hurled against the neighboring rocks. All around the island reigned wildness, solitude, and violence.

"This wind is breaking up the ice along the shore and scattering it," added Dougal.

"And this will make the channel between us and the runaways as wide and as impassable as ever," declared Hawley.

A strange cry resounded above the roar of the elements at this juncture—a cry of anguish and despair—a cry in which a moan and a wail seemed to be blended.

The three men leaped to their feet.

A crunching of footsteps upon the frozen path leading from the sea succeeded, and the strange wailing and moaning cry was repeated.

The trio caught at their weapons.

The crunching footsteps came nearer and nearer, but slowly and irregularly, until they ceased suddenly at the entrance of the hut, and were succeeded by a quick, sharp knock upon the door.

"Open! open!" yelled a voice gaspingly—a voice so freighted with pain and horror as to be appalling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A READY RESPONSE.

Dr. Sam. Duncan, Chancellor of St. Mary's, was a radical man, as set and rigid in his opinions as he was odd and restive, and as fond of the good things of life as he was of musty books. Among his peculiar tenets, which he strove to impress upon the minds of the students, was an adherence to the principles of the fathers. He would have the young honor the creeds of their ancestors, and had no confidence in the man who could cast aside the religion of his parents.

One evening the Doctor was at table where a fine roast spare-rib of pork was served, and his mouth fairly watered as he prepared to carve it; for, of all his gastronomic partialities, roast spare-rib was his favorite. He had just plunged his fork into the brown and juicy mass, and was ready with his knife, when one of the company interrupted him:

"Doctor, if you had been born and educated one of the Lord's chosen people, how, when very hungry, do you think you would have deported yourself in the presence of such a spare-rib of pork as this?"

"My dear sir," replied the Doctor, "I should have made it a very respectful bow, and said to it, as Agrippa said to St. Paul, '*Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*'"

And he went on with his carving. C.

AT EVENING-FALL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

As some still Eve, sere-bearded Autumn stands
Glorious among his summer-ripened sheaves,
Crowned with the full fruition of the year;
When in the golden hush no breath or breeze
Ripples the quiet of the sea, or stirs
The glowing picture of the painted woods,
While in unclouded skies the large full moon
Hangs white and luminous, as the mighty shield
Of God's Archangel, guarding the young Night.
So stands the aged Christian, clothed serene
With the sweet peace that cometh after toil,
The silver harvest of his fruitful years
Crowning the honorable furrows of his brow
With solemn lustre.

Lo, his withered hands
Are weary grown at last; his goodly works
Have yielded him tenfold of righteous gain,
For long about the Master's pleasant fields
He with a patient industry hath gone,
Plucking the tares from out the golden grain,
And propping here and there some humble flower
The world hath set her heedless foot upon.
And now the good old man, at evening-fall,
And in the perfect Autumn of his years,
Foldeth the mantle of God's endless rest
About his face, and gladly lying down,
Bids Time good-night, and calmly greeting Death
As a dear friend, long waited, come at last,
Turns from the world, its toilsome cares forgotten,
And in the long sweet slumber of the grave
Renews the glory of immortal youth.

FAITHFUL LOVE'S REWARD.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat, in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said, "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae, and her pleasure sprung from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content. To breathe their odor was to fill her soul with holy and tender thoughts, and the lovely waxen flowers, pale, pure and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home hid among giant live-oaks gray with the solemn waving southern moss. She went first to the large dim parlors, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets; but the dreamy languor of the darkened room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later, Mr. Rae opened the door and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said. "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. The subtle, powerful perfume—quite unknown, but delicious beyond expression—was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed jalousies, he saw a picture that he never more forgot—a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner. One hand had fallen down, and the flowers gemmed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman half so fair. Almost entranced, he stood gazing on Mabel as if he had "seen a vision." There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's young dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes, and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. Allan was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; but he was utterly devoid as yet of any experiences but such as his college and his mountain home had brought him. Nevertheless, he was not destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proven to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the Evergreen bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her wonderful beauty, and was very proud of it; he knew too that she possessed an exquisite voice and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for its possession.

Yet so it proved. Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes but those which centred in Mabel Rae. And she, innocent and impressible, soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine and oleanders filled the air! when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing. It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came imperative letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Love has its business as well as its romance, and this side was not so satisfactory. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years, when the first tuberoses bloom, I will be here again, Mabel, darling!" were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her tenderly in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberose of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many and unexpected changes. That very winter the first war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise, the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted. Mr. Rae had gone to the war, and Mabel boarded in a ladies' school in New Orleans. These were but the beginning of sorrows. Another year found her an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs. Claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home, in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been shamefully wronged.

Poverty is a grand teacher however, and has many learned disciples, and now, for the first time in all her life, Mabel thought for herself and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annuls all contracts, and surely now, if ever, it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails in those days were not certainties; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel.

And in the mean time she must work or starve—a blessed alternative in great sorrows, I say. People who have to fight "a sea of troubles" do not go mad. *Work*, the oldest of all preached evangels, is the consoler, and brings them through. And though Mabel Rae could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy, luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked neither for sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan Monteith, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paling cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel. She found friends even if she did not find health, and her rare beauty and wonderful musical talents soon procured her the admiration of a large and influential circle. By the advice of her friend, she established herself in a fashionable locality and commenced the teaching of music. I think few women could have been more successful. Part of this was undoubtedly due to the social power of her friend; but neither this nor her own loveliness and winning manners would have been sufficient, without the genuine knowledge of her art and that wonderful voice which charmed all who heard it.

So, in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York, it became "the thing" to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during this season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful and *spiritual* in character; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink lustreless silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever; and when they were to be procured, at any trouble or cost, her little room was always full of their peculiar fragrance.

During this winter Mabel had many lovers, and report said, more than one excellent offer of marriage, but she quietly ignored or else decidedly refused all advances. Her heart was still with the tall, fair mountaineer who had won it, amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noons and moonlit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right. Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the Rae plantation in the hands of strangers, his friend dead, and Mabel gone, none knew whither. After a long and dispiriting search, he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted at the destruction of all his hopes.

But he still loved her passionately, and often in stormy nights, when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and the solemn silences in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate undernotes of the mocking-birds. Often, both in sleeping and waking dreams, he saw again that dim parlor, and the beautiful girl sleeping on the silken couch; and with these memories there always came the same sensation of some delicate perfume in the air. Far away amid the heather and the broom, and the strong fresh breezes of the North Sea, he still was visited by the breath of the tropic woods, and the fragrance of the tuberose and the memory of his lost Mabel were one and indivisible in his heart.

Thus two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly. But there are ills which happen for good; and I think any one who would have taken the trouble to analyze the gain in character which this separation and struggle produced, would have said so.

For after five years of battle with life, Mabel was no longer a lovely, impulsive, thoughtless child; she was a noble woman, beautiful in all the majesty of completed suffering. And Allan's whole nature had swelled under the influence of a mighty and unselfish love, as seas swell under the influence of the sun and moon.

If we wait, however, the harvest of the heart *will come*. One day early in the winter, Mabel got a note from a friend, announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her hostess rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York and going to spend the evening with them.

Did Fate knock softly on Mabel's soul then? For she blushed violently, and instantly, as if by magic, there sprung up in her heart a happy refrain which she could not control, and which kept on singing, "*He comes! he comes! My lover comes!*"

She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before others had begun. So she sat down in the unlighted parlors, saying to herself:

"I must be still. I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none but that he comes from the same country. *No, there is no hope!*"

But still, above the doubt and fear, she could hear the same chiming undertone, "*He comes! he comes! My lover comes!*"

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! your heart has seen further than your eyes. *Allan has come at last.*

"Ah, my darling! my darling! my fair, sweet flower, whose perfume has followed me o'er land and sea, I have found you again at last!" exclaimed Allan, as he clasped Mabel to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent and sorrow was over. Never more did she have grief or pain unsoothed or uncomforted. I only wish I could close as the old fairy tales do, and say, "So they lived happy ever afterward." But, alas! though a lovely Mabel Monteith, with her father's hair and her mother's eyes, makes light and gladness in Allan's home, the far dearer one has gone "to the abodes where the eternal are."

In a little country church-yard not twenty miles from New York, the beautiful Mabel Rae "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." Half the year round you would know her grave by the delicate odor of the tuberoses with which it is covered; and even when snows cover it, and wild winds and rains beat over its senseless turf, one noble heart offers there still the incense of an undying affection.

For be sure that a *true love* "strikes but *one* hour," and he or she has never loved at all who can say, I loved *once*. Was Mabel's short life a lost one? Oh no! Life is perfect in small measures, and she left upon the mountain tops of death a light that makes them lovely to those who shall follow her.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A LADY in New Orleans was recently questioning her little daughter in geography, and said, "Daisy, who first went through the Straits of Magellan?" Daisy quickly answered, "Magellan and his squadron." "What do you understand by his squadron?" The question was not in the book, but Daisy didn't hesitate. "One of those women who are not quite white," she triumphantly answered, evidently having the idea of a quadroon in her mind.

A NEGRO held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an ax. Observing the man's eyes, the negro anxiously inquired, "Is you gwine to strike where you looks?" "Yes," replied the man. "Den," said the negro, "you jus' hole dis critter's head yerself, for I an't a gwine to let you hit *me!*"

THERE is a man in Portland, Maine, who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able-bodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry boarders in adjoining houses.

A WIFE asked her husband for a new dress. He replied, "Times are hard, my dear—so hard I can hardly keep my nose above water;" whereupon she retorted, "You could keep your nose above water easy enough if you'd a mind to, but the trouble is that you keep it too much above brandy."

THE most polished man in Brooklyn just now is a dry goods merchant whose wife undertook to bathe him all over with balsam for the rheumatism. After the job was well done, she looked at the label of the bottle and found it was furniture polish she had been using.

A GOOD-NATURED man having been carried, while asleep in a railroad car, a long way beyond his destination, on being awaked, remarked to a fellow-passenger, "Pretty good joke, this, isn't it?" "Yes," was the reply, "but rather far-fetched."

"Do bats ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in Natural History. "Yes, sir," the boys replied. "What kind of bats?" asked the astonished teacher. "Brick-bats," yelled the boys.

"ARE passengers often lost on these boats?" asked a timid female of a deck hand on a Jersey ferry-boat. "No, ma'am," was his consoling reply; "we 'most always find the bodies by dragging the river."

AN Ohio baggage smasher was knocked down by lightning the other day, but never let go the trunk he was operating on, and upon coming to his senses, proceeded with the work of destruction.

AN editor in Arkansas says, "If we have offended anybody in the course of our short but brilliant career, let him send us in a new pair of boots and say nothing about it."

A CLOCK in a factory in Harlem was expelled from the premises the other day by the request of the workingmen, because it had not struck for eight hours.

A DRUNKARD, on being told that the earth is round and turns on its axis all the time, said, "I believe that, for I've never been able to stand on the darned thing."

A CAREFUL observer has noticed that young ladies with new solitaire diamond rings never require much urging to play the piano.

A CHATTANOOGA chicken-coop has the following sign on it: "For sail—Chickens in the blume of yuth."

OLD maids, it is said, are seldom found in China, but rare old china is often found among old maids.

IF speech is silver, and if silence is gold, how much is a deaf and dumb man worth?

IF a toper and a quart of whisky were left together, which would be drunk first?

WHAT ship is it that has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

THE woman question *par excellence* is the question of age.

THE *only thing that can live in fire is a live coal.*

CURRENT ITEMS.

A COLORED man named Gifford, in Utica, last week was told to sweep off the bed-plate of a buzz saw in a sash factory, which was running at a high rate of speed. Instead of taking a broom, he leaned over the saw at right angles to it, with the intention of blowing away the dust. Unconsciously stooping too low, the keen saw cut deeply into his left breast. The operatives standing near witnessed the accident, and immediately took hold of Gifford and led him from the room. Singular to relate, he did not know he was injured until he saw the blood; then he became faint. The wound was six or eight inches long, and the left lung was cut. The heart escaped by only half an inch. The chances are against him, but he may recover.

THE Cleveland *Plaindealer* tells a strange story of an explosion in a boy's pocket. He was riding on horseback, when a powder-horn in his pantaloons' pocket, containing a few cents' worth of blasting powder, exploded. The boy seems to have been a combustibly inclined youth, for several matches in the same pocket took fire, his clothing was all burned, and his leg so injured, from the knee upward, that it seemed as though lacerated with hot pincers. The little fellow begged them to kill him while his wounds were being dressed. His recovery is considered extremely doubtful.

A SINGULAR accident occurred to a man living in Salem, Mass. He was awakened in the night by a choking sensation, and found that he had half swallowed his set of false teeth. All efforts to dislodge them from their position were unavailing, they being firmly wedged in the windpipe. A doctor was called, who did all in his power to relieve the unfortunate man, but after working for an hour it was found impossible to remove the teeth without cutting them, which was accordingly done, and the man is now in a way of recovery.

LAST week a man and his wife, living at Mount Union, Ohio, left their children at home alone. While the parents were absent, their boy, about twelve years old, took a gun and threatened to shoot his sister, who is younger than he. She ran into another room, and he called after her, saying that if she ran away he would shoot the baby, which he did. The baby was a little girl, eighteen months old, and the ball passed through her temple as she lay asleep on the bed, killing her instantly.

AN inexplicable murder was recently committed in the little town of Winetka, on the outskirts of Chicago. A respectable farmer, named Kean Higgins, sixty-two years of age, was pounded to death on his way to church. The small amount of money which he had on his person was untouched, and he is not known to have had an enemy who could have a motive for such a deed.

THERE is a Russian at Old Orchard Beach whose fondness for the sea and everything connected with it is eccentric to the verge of mania. He drinks two or three gallons, it is said, of sea-water daily, eats sea-weed by the handful, and bathes four or five times a day. He is very healthy and robust, fat as a seal, and has a round, red, jocund face.

A YOUNG man who was hunting turkeys at Kalamazoo, Mich., thought he saw one in the grass, and fired. It turned out that what he saw was the head of the farmer that owned the place, who was taking a nap in his meadow. Unfortunately the hunter's marksmanship was good, and the farmer was killed.

AN English swimmer, named Johnson, lately tried to swim across the English channel, a distance of twenty-six miles, but the attempt resulted in an ignominious failure. Before he had accomplished seven miles, his legs were numbed, and he was threatened with cramps, and had to give up.

A STREET gymnast of Paris, known as Samson's Iron Jaw, whose specialty was to pick up weights with his teeth and throw them over his head, raised a barrel with his teeth, and in attempting to dispose of it in the same way, fell dead, with a broken spine.

A FRENCH gentleman who had rescued from drowning a boy that had fallen in the Seine, near Paris, was requested by the lad's father to swim out for his son's cap, as he was already wet through.

A CHILD, four years old, fell overboard from the wharf at Newport on Saturday of last week, and was rescued by a courageous woman, who jumped into the dock after him.

A COURT in England has recently decided that the presence of ghosts in a house is a sufficient reason for annulling the contract between landlord and tenant.

THE recent comet occasioned the death of one man in Illinois. He got up to look at it, fell down stairs, and was fatally injured.

"OUR SET."

BY LUCIEN S. LUELIM.

Whose is the edict that bids the proud waves
Of Society's grandeur be stayed?
"This shall thou go, and no further!" Who
Has said?
Where the boundary lines shall be made?
And what is the passport that throws wide the door
Of the "Marble" and "Brown-stone," to-day?
What the rote every guest is expected to do,
When within the charmed circle would stray?

We wear height in our youth. "No lords in our land"
But every where man is known by his purse
All are born free and equal: we neither bend
Knee
Nor lift cap to proud coronets here?"

Yet Society's glasses are quick set aside
Her nose, in a quizzical way,
If over the barriers we sigh "Our Set,"
An adventurous parvenu sway?

"What's worth of her name?" Her claims?
Her shield?
How old are the items? the jewels, how new?
Not the humble badge of Honesty and Toil?
As rentals?—She never will do!"

So these butterfly campers flit early around,
Scorning modest and humble array;
For, thereby, "one cannot know them," the term is
assumed
Must be dashed with the ruling display.
Though the figure be graceful and light as a
fairy's,
And the face Hope illumines,
Yet diamonds and satins are wonderful aids
To the vision, these critics declare.

Nor can Fashion alone, in her pride, hold the key,
Till with Gold she has made them fully so.
Then opens the door that admits to "Our Set,"
Where, for aye, she may hold her proud sway.

A BONE of CONTENTION;
or,
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAPPIER MYSTERY," "THE RAILTT'S SECRET," "THE FATAL GIFT OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING LADY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEVERAL INTERESTS CONVERGING.

The hour was growing late when Lord Waldemar returned home from Lady Thatcher's parlors, with Miss Bruce and Mrs. Watch.

The storm still Baron was very silent and thoughtful. He was not in the habit of being in a stupor and lightness he had not known for years, and when he halted in the hall to remove his greatcoat there was seen to be a light in his keen black eyes such as no one ever living had ever seen in them.

Miss Floyd paused into the drawing-room, and she was brightly lighted and glowing with warmth. Upon crossing the threshold, she found a communication which caused the Watchler to hasten after her, and Lord Waldemar followed the latter.

Mr. Darrel Moor had been waiting and watching upon a sofa at the moment of Miss Floyd's entrance, but he had arisen immediately, and was now exchanging greetings with the ladies, holding out a hand of the latrons in his, and pressing it with the warmth of a lover.

"So you have followed us to scenes of gayety," said Lord Waldemar, with an easy nod, "I thought you were to remain in the country on business in Lancashire?"

"Oh, I had no business there, beyond assuring Cornelius, my lord," replied Moor, "and he is nearly recovered from his illness. That is, he drinks is name, and he determines to leave him out of danger," amended Moor. "He sat up to-day for the first time within a week. He depends upon me to amuse him, and I have been doing my best to entertain him, evenings."

"Indeed?" said Lord Waldemar, with a cynical smile. "You and Cornelius are quite famous Damon and Pythias. I am delighted to hear that Cornelius is so much better. Yet he looked ruddy and round as usual when I left him. I should have thought a week's nursing, surrounding home, the attendance of the ladies and the dongour of the gentlemen. He must have been afflicted to be born by some boon—poor interesting invalid!"

Darrel Moor seemed for a moment completely overwhelmed.

To say truth, he had not seen Carrington since the day of the fatal marriage, but he supposed him to be at Lyndhurst Place.

Moor had been to Southport in search of young Rosse Urlin, and had made a flying trip to Boston and to the Red Sea, where he had found the Urlins, but he had not yet obtained no information whatever concerning the whereabouts of his young bride. He had been returned to Southport, and had managed to extract from Miss Brown of Oak Cottage the fact, which she had been at first led to withhold, that Honor had gone up to London with Sir Hilda Tregaron and a strange lady, who had come as a cab and taken her away from the cottage.

From this information, Moor had at once had come to London, reaching that very evening, and coming directly to Lord Waldemar's house in Park Lane.

"Ah, me," Darrel Moor struggled to say, after a timid and awkward silence, in response to his ample words of congratulating remark. "You say Honor Carrington, I suppose, my lord. He is in town. But I thought you said Cousin Albert Carrington, you know."

As there was no Albert Carrington, a chronic invalid, who had his home at Lyndhurst Place, Lord Waldemar was at a loss to reply.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Long Island Sound—Its Navigation and the Recent Calamity.

Considering the length of time that Long Island Sound has been navigated, and the large amount of travel which has passed through it, the accidents have been comparatively few—nothing like the number which have happened on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Indeed the general feeling in regard to passing through the Sound is, that it is just about as safe as staying at home.

This confidence, however, has been a good deal shaken by the calamity to the propeller *Metis*, which occurred on the morning of August 30th. It is impossible to feel that due care was practiced by those in charge of the vessel. She came in contact with a schooner about half-past three or four o'clock in the morning. Which vessel was at fault, and which ran into the other, are disputed points. The weather was rainy and somewhat tempestuous, but not foggy, or too thick for lights to be perceptible. There seems to be little or no room for doubt that the collision itself was attributable to carelessness in some quarter.

But the great fault, to which the terrible loss of life is attributable, lay in the want of thoroughness with which the examination of the steamer was made after the accident. She had been so badly damaged that in an hour, or an hour and a half, she sank below the water's edge. Yet those who undertook the [illegible] task of ascertaining her condition, discovered no leak whatever. At least it appears that they reported none.

It is said that the *Metis* at the time of the collision was only ten miles from the shore, and might have been beached if the injury which she had sustained had been promptly found out. Instead, however, she steamed on her way for some time—several of the passengers allege an hour or more—when she was found to be rapidly sinking, and without half time enough for many of them to dress, the people on board found themselves in a rough sea, clinging to the upper deck, which separated and floated off, to bales of cotton, cork mattresses and other articles, and many of them with nothing to cling to, and all in darkness and despair.

The negligence of the officers in not directly ascertaining the state in which the collision had left the steamer, seems, under the circumstances, to amount to a crime.

Among the many painful incidents of the calamity, we refer to a few as narrated by the daily papers:

A bride and bridegroom, who were married at Saratoga the day before, took passage on the *Metis* Thursday afternoon, on a bridal tour East. The bride was lost, and her husband telegraphed to the clergyman who had just married them, to perform the funeral service over the remains of his wife, which were washed ashore. It is a curious circumstance, that when the coffin was opened at Sharon Springs it was found to contain the body of another lady! The right remains have since been obtained, we believe.

A mother who was dashed on the beach by the furious waves, bore with her in safety her two children, one under each arm.

Two interesting children, from Brooklyn, were on board. The anxiety which this circumstance occasioned was first described in the *Herald* as follows:

"The news caused intense excitement in Wall street and the neighborhood, and it was soon noised around that Mr. Wierum, the banker, of the firm of Randall & Wierum, at 52 Exchange Place, had two children on board. Hastening to the address above mentioned, Mr. Wierum was found, who kindly gave the following particulars: 'On Thursday,' said he, 'I took my two boys—Arthur, aged eight years, and Carl, aged seven years—on board the Metis, and placed them in charge of Mr. C. C. Adams, of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, who was taking them down on a visit to his farm at Newburyport. The state of suspense I am in as to whether they are alive or dead is awful. Ex-Commodore Stebbins has kindly telegraphed down to his yacht, which is at Stonington, to make all possible inquiries about my poor boys. I have also sent repeated telegrams myself, but have received no answer. If I do not shortly receive an answer I shall go down to Stonington to-night, (Friday.)'"

And the very same number of the paper which contained the above paragraph printed in another column a list of "Dead Identified," including:

"Arthur Wierum, a child, of Brooklyn, and Carl Wierum, of Brooklyn."

MR. ADAMS, who was rescued, gives the following touching account of the conduct and fate of the two little fellows whom he strove resolutely, but vainly, to save:

"It was announced that the boat was sinking. I instantly ran to the children, woke them up, and tied securely a life-preserver around both of them, taking one myself. They were as gentle as lambs, and seemed aware that something dreadful was about to happen, and obeyed my orders implicitly, evincing the greatest heroism. I then noticed that the steamer was settling forward, and hurried as rapidly as possible aft. While going there a gentleman named McCrittis asked me if I wanted another life-preserver. I replied that it would be of great value, as it might save the children's lives. He gave it to me willingly. I took the children to the after part of the boat, to the guards, and told them 'they must jump into the sea with me, and that they must put all their trust in me, and that I would not leave them.'

"I hesitated for a moment, thinking whether it would not be better to remain yet a while with the ship, but noticing that she was breaking up forward, the timbers commencing to fly up, and her hull settling, I felt that her doom was sealed. Placing a chair by the bulwarks, with one foot upon it and the other on the side of the ship, with my left arm I hugged the two children close to me, and with a desperate leap I sprang into the water with them. The poor little fellows never uttered a sound of alarm.

"With the two children I was rapidly carried by the current to the bows of the ship. About twenty-five minutes had elapsed since I had taken to the sea. Poor little Carl presently seemed to be growing weaker and weaker. I continued my exertions to keep his head clear of the high running waves. The child made no complaint—no murmur; presently the younger brother died. Even then the children were together. I then exerted all my efforts toward saving Arthur. I placed his head higher up on my shoulder, and said, 'Do, Arthur, hold your head up, just as high as you can; I will assist you.' His reply was, 'I can't.' Very soon afterward he died. My thoughts were then centred on saving their bodies, and restoring them, if possible, to their parents. * * * * Both of the children were found clasped together in each other's arms, with the life-preserver attached to them, and it has been my melancholy duty to bring their bodies to their sorrowing father."

MR. ADAMS relates one circumstance which would be regarded as strange and improbable if it were told in a novel. After the death of the two children, and when he had been in the water so long that he had himself almost given up hope, whom should he encounter but MR. MCCRITTIS, the very same gentleman who had furnished him the second life-preserver, as stated above! And the manner in which he was now enabled to reciprocate that generous favor is thus related by himself:

"Presently, however, daylight appeared, and I saw afar off the topmast of some vessel, though I could not make out her hull. This cheered me. A short time afterward I heard some one calling me. In a few moments I distinguished Mr. McCrittis, the gentleman who had given me the life-preserver. He asked me 'if I had seen the land.' I replied that 'I had not,' but, looking back of me, I saw Watch Hill. Mr. McCrittis was on a cork mattress, and some distance ahead of me. I soon neared him. He asked me 'whether I thought my plank would carry another man.' I reached out my hand to him and took him on, together with his mattress. Shortly after that the life-boat came in sight, and made for us rapidly. They hailed us, and bid us get on board. We hesitated, saying that probably there might be other of the passengers who wanted aid then more than we did, and that they had better rescue them. They informed me that they were nearing the breakers, and that we could not venture through them, but must come on board. I think we were almost among the last in the water who were saved."

MR. WILLIAM E. SHERIDAN of Boston, who lost his wife, gives the following account of two little children, who also perished:

"All last evening they played about the saloon, prattling gayly with the passengers, and seemingly wrapt up in each other. When bed-time came one of them said, 'Tiss me, mamma, tiss me, for I am going to sleep,' and I saw them no more alive. This morning their bodies were washed ashore on this beach, clasped in each other's arms. They were beautiful as in life, and their countenances bore a placid smile, as if their death was painless. Our boat capsized close by the shore, and it was a sad sight to us, who had gained our lives, when we witnessed the struggles of those who, unable to withstand the terrible undertow, were drowned in our very faces. Their upturned faces and despairing looks will haunt me to my dying day."

It is said that many persons were drowned in consequence of having the life-preservers placed too low down on their bodies, which caused their heads to sink under water.

One ludicrous case is mentioned. A fellow tied two life-preservers to his hips, and his carpet-bag around his neck, and with a full suit of clothes on, jumped into the sea! Yet, somehow or other, he was saved.

He Had a Testament.

"In his pocket were found a few dollars of money and a Testament."

This is the brief account of the dead body of a young man who was picked up among the unfortunate dead washed ashore from the wreck of the *Metis*. A few dollars, and—oh, consoling assurance to his parents and friends when they shall hear of his sudden death—a Testament!

What now would it avail had there been thousands of dollars found on his person?—what, in comparison with the assurance which is afforded that he kept over by him the words of Eternal Life spoken by our Saviour?

Parents are ambitious for their children. We live in the world, and it is natural, and we do not say that it is not right, that all should be more or less worldly. But when a young man is suddenly cut off in his prime, no earthly success or distinction which he may have achieved, can afford the balm to the stricken hearts of his surviving friends which is derived from the consciousness that the New Testament was a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path, while he walked the earth.

The Cause of Cholera—The Best Disinfectants.

M. DE REUZY, Surgeon-Major of the Indian Army, says there is no doubt that the shockingly neglected state of sanitary matters in India brought cholera into Europe. One great want in India is good and sufficient *water*.

Dr. SANSON, a distinguished London physician, has been trying experiments with different materials for the disinfection of the air; and, as the result, he expresses the opinion that only volatile or gaseous disinfectants are efficient. He considers sulphurous acid, iodine and carbolic acid the best.

We have no doubt that the frequent use of a very small quantity of carbolic acid in every part of our buildings from which impure air could arise, would considerably diminish disease.

Slow to Suspect.

A woman in Wisconsin has been arrested, charged with having murdered, by poison, five persons. First her husband died suddenly, with symptoms of having been poisoned. Next her son died in the same way. Then her daughter. Her death was followed by that of two neighbors successively, to whom she administered tea.

It required only these five mysterious deaths to awaken the suspicions of the people residing in the vicinity, who seem to have been of a strangely confiding nature. They examined her house and found such harmless drugs as arsenic and strychnine.

The woman's name is Lamb; and it would seem that her wool had covered the eyes of her neighbors.

Ungallant.

The following paragraph from the *Rocky Mount* (N. C.) *Mail* would seem rather ungallant, but for the fact that the *Mail* is edited by a woman:

SHE WOULD QUARREL.—There was five hundred dollars offered to an old lady in this county, notorious for quarrelling, if she would abstain for one day. We are sorry to inform our readers that, although almost destitute, she lost all chance before seven o'clock in the morning.

A Mother Shot by Her Son.

[From the Columbus Sun.]

Mr. Frank Golsby was attempting to shoot Mr. Zach. Auglin—both young men—when his mother rushed between. In the scuffle the pistol accidentally discharged in the hands of Mr. Golsby; the ball entered the head of his mother above the right eye. She died almost instantly.

BIRCH AND ASPEN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Looking out from my window upon the dark sides of the mountains, upon the massive clouds, upon the wind-blown trees, I see my pet, the birch, all in a shiver with each blast. The American white birch has all the grace and delicacy of its European namesake, and besides, a sensibility which it borrows from the aspen, or shares with it.

One should have, on every side of a country house, a group of aspens and birches. Planted together, you will have motion in charming variety. On other trees the leaves are so rigid in the stem, that a wind strong enough to set them into full activity is strong enough to set all the branches into motion. We recognize the force, and in large trees, the grandeur of motion. When a strong wind moves the whole tree, it swings its great boughs hither and thither, all its leaves and twigs utter their voices, which in chorus often rise to a roar. Yet, though the whole tree is agitated, and seems convulsed, one sees that it is only upon the exterior; while the top and sides are in full motion, the trunk stands firm, and seems motionless. Not till its very roots give way will it move, and then it does not bend, but goes down with stiff trunk.

The elastic birch, with long and slender limbs, avoiding all horizontalism, and aiming at the zenith, flexible to the last degree, moves in the wind with a grace and elasticity which has no parallel.

The American aspen has a shivering leaf upon a rigid branch. It stands quite stiff and motionless in bough, while its leaves are quivering and shivering in the most industrious manner. Right over against the east door of the Twin Mountain House, at a little distance, is a group of aspens, which are my perpetual delight. They are my wind-meters, or rather, zephyr measurers. On a hot noon, when no air seems stirring, and the trees about them doze and slumber, like good men at church, these twinklers, like roguish boys, are dancing in an imaginary wind, and playing with themselves, without a particle of wind, so far as I can perceive it. Now a shiver runs over them from head to foot; then the topmost leaves shake and swirl, while the bottom rests. Gradually the motion dies away all over, and the frolic ends. No, a single leaf begins to wag; it goes on in single blessedness, with accelerated pace, up and down, round and round, until, for the life of me, I cannot help bursting into a fit of laughter at this solitary dance.

At times, in certain moods, one cannot help thinking that the aspen is striving to communicate something. It seems to sigh and pant. It supplicates as one that suffers. Then, changing suddenly, it coaxes and winks and blinks at you as if it was only in fun. It will stand perfectly still a minute, as if looking to see what you will do, and then a laughing ripple runs all over it. It frolics with the same tireless grace as a kitten. Indeed it is a kind of compound kitten-tree, each leaf a particular kitten, all frolicking together, though there is not one of them, if the rest won't play, that is not ready, kitten-like as it were, to chase its own tail.

Why have landscape gardeners done so little with birches and aspens? Maples, oaks, ashes and evergreens are well. But in what other direction shall we look for such grace in form, such susceptibility to aerial influences, and such exquisite motion both of branch and leaf? The birches grow rapidly, are extremely hardy, will flourish upon poor soil, though loving a generous soil better. In ten years, with birch and aspen, one may rejoice in a thick grove. If the yellow locust be added to these, and the silver maple, one who plants at sixty may hope to see high over his head a respectable young forest, dense enough for shade and high enough to begin to comfort the imagination.

Long live the Aspen and the Birch! Only the young have just grounds for prejudice; but even boys soon outgrow the birch, and watch its sinewy motion without a thought of moving too, in shivering accord.

STARERS.

Staring is a lost art. There is your bold, unwinking, unblushing starer whom no allopathic dose of shame would ever put to rout. You are Miss Mary Mudge, and he knows it, and he means other people shall know that he knows it. He takes an inventory of your dress on that particular occasion, of your party if you are with one, of your conversation. He mentions to his friends all the little items he knows about you, and a great many more; and though you were never introduced to him, he tries to verify his assertion that he is a particular friend of your's by bowing to you.

And there is your intermittent starer, who pauses between the acts, and would fain appear deeply absorbed by some other object, to throw you off your guard, that he may have a better chance.

Then there is your starer who speaks to you on some trivial pretext, holding you in conversation for the benefit of a third party who sees Miss Mudge for the first time, and who wishes to settle, once for all, the vexed question of the shape of the nose, or the color of the eyes, or the existence of the bump of imagination. There is also the gentleman, a stranger to yourself, who has known your brother, and who is possessed with the idea that poetry, like the measles, runs through the entire family, and who, after spending an hour or two in probing this matter to the bottom, concludes that his theory is a mistake.

All these are novices in the art. These and all other questions proper to be asked respecting a person of note can be investigated without violating any rule of modesty, reticence or politeness. There is a way of looking at a person without appearing to look, known to the initiated, but open to the study of all. I have seen persons conduct this scrutiny while hypocritically pretending to read a paragraph in the newspaper. I have seen another perform the same feat while enacting dexterous connoisseurship over a painting.

It is sometimes not amiss to stop the object of your adoration in the street, and politely inquire the way to another. A solicitation for a charity concert has been known tobe successful. But in this, as in everything else, tact, ladies and gentlemen, tact rules the world.

There are coarse questions which may be put to attain this and kindred objects, to which no degree of impertinent answering will do justice. The person thus questioned, in my view, is fully justified, not only in this, but in departing so widely from the truth as to render it impossible for the hoodwinked questioner ever to find his way back.

FANNY FERN.

How He Got Married.

A gossipping correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following account of the marriage of a noted Louisville politician:

"One of the old citizens narrates that many years ago, when our hero fell in love, he found some opposition made to his marriage, and he repaired to old George D. Prentice, the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, to help him out. He went off to the plains, and the report came back that he had been killed by the Indians. Prentice at once rushed in, and wrote a whole column upon the virtues, graces and promise of this martyr to his invincible disposition, and there was a good deal of sympathy made in the State, and some regretted that our hero's suit had not been encouraged. Suddenly he came back again, resumed his suit under cover of the sympathy that had been roused for him, and was married without opposition."

YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

BY REV. J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

It is after mid-day, and a cool wind is singing through the pines, the sound of which it is impossible to distinguish from that of the Falls in front of this hotel. I have this morning done enough of the work proper to this place to entitle me to rest; so I shall try to give an impression of the Valley to such of the readers of the *Ledger* as have not been here, or been bored by the descriptions of some one who has.

Let me begin by talking guide-book. The Valley runs about east and west, and the east end is called the head. It is any length you please under ten miles, according as you fix its ending or its beginning. It is about a mile broad in the level portion, and if one includes the gradual rise to the precipices formed by fallen debris, it is rather more from rock to rock. The points about it are not the great height of the surrounding mountains, but their nearness, which implies their steepness, and the impressive forms they assume. The Valley can be entered by travellers on the south or north, and by a choice of roads on the south. Of these, each has its advantages; one trail (road is here a useless word) leading over Inspiration Point, the other over Glacier Point, both being elevations from which one looks sheer down into the Valley, as well as over a good deal of the rim of the cup. The latter has the wider view, and in my judgment the easier descent to the hotels; but you will not be in good standing in the Valley if you do not look from both.

Once in the Valley, the approved sights are the following: Bridal Vail Fall goes with Inspiration Point; Vernal and Nevada Falls, at the head or east end of the Valley, occupy a day profitably, and if you have come in by Inspiration Point, another day is due to Glacier Point. Having reached this elevation, let no tourist return without riding to the top of Sentinel Dome—the only dome he is likely to climb, and from which he can look all around without obstruction. Unicorn Mount, the Cloud's Rest, Mount Hoffman, Mount Clark, Starr King, and the Red Mountains, are before him on the north and east, while westward he looks down the Valley, and sees how it merges in the general sea of great rolling granite billows. From this point also he can cultivate the acquaintance of the solemn friends to whose white heads he looked up from the Valley. There is North Dome, now seen to be rounded only on three sides, on the fourth ending a long mountain ridge. There is Washington Column, which looks as if set up to secure the Dome against any risk of toppling over into the river below. To the right of it is South Dome, the western half of it fallen out apparently, itself hard, bare and inaccessible. Watkins Mount, Mount Broderick, and other elevations, are under his eye. So is the entrance to the little Yo-Semite; so are the Nevada and Vernal Falls; while turning toward the west, Sentinel Rock and El Capitan, both precipitous, keep watch from opposite sides over the Valley; and far away, till the eye fails even in this clear atmosphere, there lie the great waves of granite, with all the intervals between them well covered with firs and pines, which thrive in the soil and disintegrated granite the great ice-ploughs raised and left for them, when the glaciers covered all the slopes of the Pacific.

To finish this guide-book part: if men are concerned about time, they can well enough see the sights of the Valley in two days. This will seem rank heresy to some, but the facts are simple. They can come in by Inspiration Point, which shows the Bridal Vail Fall, ride to the other falls, and see Mirror Lake on one day; the next, ride to Sentinel Dome, and in the evening walk over to Yo-Semite Fall, on which indeed the eye must rest morning and evening from any one of the three hotels in the Valley; and on the morning of the third day he rides out by the foot of El Capitan. Of course, if one has time, it can be well spent in studying the place, in walking around and noting the ever-varying shapes of the mountains, in "mooning" in the twilight or the night among the pines, or in bathing or fishing in the cool waters of the Merced, or—most impressive of all—climbing his difficult way through the openings among the mountains, which are not "gulches," nor "glens," nor "gorges," nor "notches," but "canyons." No other word describes them.

A word as to the inhabitants of the Valley will interest some who care more for men than mountains. There cannot be over a hundred residents; there are fewer in winter, when for four months the sun never shines upon parts of the Valley. But if not numerous, they are various. Indians, negroes, Chinese, and most varieties of whites are here, including Americans, Irish, English, Scotch, Portuguese, German, Italian, and possibly others. The Indians—Diggers—are few; the men catching fish and doing some chores; they dress as others do, but are poor and degraded looking, with a look of cunning and coarseness in their faces. Among the employments of the squaws, one may be noticed which throws light on the life of the Indian. Seated on the top of a flat rock, four women, each with a heap of acorns between their knees, beat them with a large stone, lifted over the head with both hands, into a coarse meal. It is a hard way of providing for the winter.

You can find a barber, a telegraph operator and a photographer in the Valley. You can bathe, gamble, or trade. But your chief interest after your own personal comfort, will lie among the quadrupeds which carry you at the rate of two dollars and a half per diem. The horses are not as eager for the road as Dexter, and every one knows the peculiarities of mules. Fast horses would not possibly suit trails where the footing is eighteen inches wide, and rough at that, and the down look a clear thousand feet; but some of these animals have brought the art of slow motion to a very fine point indeed. Perhaps the fact that their barley is ten cents a pound in the Valley has something to do with this. We were assured indeed, when symptoms of fatigue showed themselves after eleven hours without food, that they were "shamming," and that "they lied like anything"—a convenient expression which enables you to supply politician, editor, stump orator, guide-book, guide, or any other ideal of the false, you may have. That they learn to lie is very likely. Evil communications have a well-known tendency, and if the horses which came twenty-four miles the first stage ever read the advertisement in the San Francisco papers of "fresh horses every twelve miles," their morals must have suffered a shock. But after all, they are steady, patient, and on the whole as reliable as horses in general.

The community cannot be said to be "settled" in any sense. Not to speak of the earthquakes which as lately as March last shook the Valley and alarmed the people, sending down great rocks, and keeping up the disturbance for weeks, the land is yet of uncertain tenure, the hope being on the part of the occupants that the State will buy out their rights of occupation and improvement, with that splendid munificence with which States are supposed to trade. Meantime the Commissioners have in hand the regulation of public matters, and have not pleased everybody. "Think of them," said a resident in the Valley, "authorizing that man, as he said, to fix the Nevada Falls! A creature like that to tinker the grand works of God Almighty! Well, they can't spoil the mountains; if they could they would fix El Capitan, or the moonlight." California is very busy yet, setting up house; she will, no doubt, look after the ornaments presently.

Among curious things one notices in the Valley, one is the honesty of the people. Doors are not locked. Things are left about without any fear of loss, and lost articles find their owners where concealment would be easy. The writer had personal evidence of this, and has satisfaction in mentioning it.

The depth of the Valley renders some arrangements necessary that are not incumbent on persons located in less picturesque places. Of the fifteen or sixteen persons who remained in the Valley last year, some require a separate winter house, on which, except for six weeks, the sun will shine. Four months' perpetual want of sunlight would be too much.

One of the prettiest sights in the Valley is at early morning and in the evening, when light is clear and bright on the domes and peaks, and the shadows still linger below. No high degree of imagination or of devoutness is needed to suggest the "light sown for the righteous," when they live an elevated and pure life, and so enjoy more than common men of the "beauty of the Lord."

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

The sensation of the season at Swellcove was Miss Arabella Wyshbone, the rich heiress—such, at least, she passed for. A wealthy aunt, in infirm health, the story ran, had willed her an immense fortune, of which, any day, she might become the mistress. Quoted at nineteen, she looked older; but such anachronisms are common in feminine chronology. Her figure was thinnish, her hair reddish, her eyes grayish, and not quite *parallel*. If you don't fancy the picture, we can only say you would have passed for no judge at Swellcove.

Among the visitors at the "Cove" that season, was a nice young man from the city. We needn't describe him more particularly—to know one of these nice young men is to know all. His name was De Quincey Dothunter.

Mr. Dothunter's business was genteel idleness. By his own account, he was down on the right side of the books of a rich old uncle, whom the life tables didn't give over five years to run, to say nothing of the family gout, and a hopeful contingency of apoplexy.

How in the world a young lady of Miss Wyshbone's cleverness could tolerate such a puppy as De Quincey Dothunter, was the oft expressed wonder of the crowd of envious competitors to whom it was obvious that that gentleman's attentions were more favorably received than their own.

But women are a law unto themselves. The fact is—and we are content to state it, letting the reason go—that Miss Wyshbone exhibited so marked a preference for Mr. Dothunter's society, that that gentleman as good as had the field to himself.

Both were too discreet to be precipitate. There was none of that headlong falling in love, which is never found in polite society. They had sat on the sand, and paddled in the surf together, many times, before anything which might be called of a tender nature passed between them. And when at last Mr. Dothunter *did* venture a hint at the state of his feelings, the lady at once cut him short.

"That is a matter first to be discussed between our relatives," she said.

"Certainly, but—"

"Come, I can't hear another word now. My aunt will be down here to-morrow, and if your uncle—"

Mr. Dothunter looked blank.

"My uncle," he said, with some confusion of voice and manner—"the fact is, my uncle is so chained down to business—his nose so kept to the mercantile grindstone—you know how it is with these old fellows—besides, he is a confirmed invalid, confined most of the time to his room."

"Very well, sir," replied the firm young lady; "till he and my aunt have talked the affair over, I can have nothing more to say."

Mr. Dothunter's face brightened at length.

"What time could your aunt see my uncle?" he asked.

"Any time day after to-morrow—say five o'clock."

"I will return to the city this evening," said Mr. Dothunter, "and make a personal appeal to my uncle."

Mr. Dothunter took his leave, and the next train for the city.

At the time appointed, Mr. Dothunter's uncle, a sprucely attired elderly gentleman, called at the principal Swellcove hotel, and having sent up his card, was duly ushered into the presence of a genteel looking elderly lady.

Bows and compliments exchanged, the business of the meeting was at once proceeded to.

"My nephew, madam," the gentleman began, "informs me that his happiness depends on the answer you shall give to the demand, which he has deputed me to make, of your niece's hand."

"This is too grave a matter to be decided hastily," she said. "Arabella, you see, is so very young—and then the fortune she will, at no distant day, inherit—" A hacking cough interrupted the sentence.

"And my nephew's prospects," warmly broke in the old gentleman, "most people would call not inconsiderable. The house of Trett & Co., of which I have the honor to be the head, is not, I believe, unknown in commercial circles. My nephew will come in for all I have—and very soon, too, I fear," Mr. Trett added, making a not very successful effort to look frail.

"The importance of such a union makes deliberation all the more necessary," replied the lady. "I would suggest at least a year's delay."

"A year!" Mr. Trett fairly bounded in his chair. Had he been himself the lover, his disappointment could scarcely have been more manifest. "Good Heavens! consider, madam! My nephew is of an impatient temper, and if your niece loves him as he loves her, they will certainly be driven to elope, and what would you do *then*, madam?"

"Of course I should forgive her, poor dear—she is all I have left in the world; but then it would quite kill me if she acted so," said the old lady, crying and coughing together.

Mr. Trett's eyes glistened with pleasure. The answer to his last question, which he had waited for with eagerness, was plainly satisfactory.

Finding the aunt's resolution inflexible, but expressing the hope she might yet be induced to alter it, Mr. Trett did not prolong his visit.

Next day Mr. Dothunter rushed wildly into Arabella's presence. On her cheeks were traces of recent tears.

"I know the worst!" he cried. "Fly with me, dearest, beyond the reach of the cruelty that would defer our hopes!"

Sobbing, she leaned her head upon his shoulder.

In a few hurried words he consoled her; and in less time than such an affair was ever planned before, a rendezvous was fixed, and before an hour had elapsed, they twain were one flesh.

What was to be done next?

"Go and ask your aunt's forgiveness," suggested the bridegroom.

"She left this morning."

"Well, we can go where she is."

"Alas! she will never forgive me," whimpered Arabella.

"Nonsense! I know she *will*."

"*How* do you know?"

"Why, she told me so herself yesterday."

He could have bit his tongue off for making such a slip.

"Told you so herself! Why, you were not here yesterday, and you never saw my aunt. Wretch!" she exclaimed, a gleam of intelligence flashing over her countenance as she closely scanned her husband's features, "I see it all. Your uncle is a myth. It was *yourself*, in disguise, whom I saw yesterday," she added, betraying herself in turn.

"Traitress!" he cried, catching at her last unguarded words. "It was *you* who were your own aunt yesterday. I was a fool not to see it."

For an instant the eyes of the pair met in hate and scorn; then turning their backs upon each other, they went thir several ways—each, mayhap, to take counsel of one of those eminent legal gentleme skilled in the procurement of "divorces wbout publicity."

HELP THE WEARY ON THEIR WAY.

BY CLARA DENN.

It is a simple thing to give
A kindly word, a cheering smile,
To those who daily with us live,
Whose days no pleasure ever beguile;
And neither be it to us loss,
Than need not sorrow or distress.

Happy the man who hath the power,
And hath the will, to uplook the weak—
To aid the year in darkest hour,
To bring the sunshine to their cheek;
For to us all the grateful meed
Among the best bestowed shall stand.

There is no sooner one than he
In all the world; our can be found
Of natural nobility
That God which his pure life has crowned
With glory of the heavenly light
Which instantly must authorize souls.

Misers we find wherever we turn,
Cold-hearted men who worship self,
Who every noble prompting spurn,
Who live for pelf, who sweat for pelf;
But though his coffers bear full weight,
Vain is the miser's vast estate.

Riches are good when rightly used,
To elevate and bless the race
Riches are evil when abused,
And gained to purchase power and place;
But when the heart is open wide
When garnered not for self alone,

So let us affirm the best we may:
To aid all blessing such alms,
And lead them out into the day
From darkness, so they may grow strong;
And for our willing sacrifice
We'll win the love that never dies.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PEIRCE,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEON AND PEREZ.

Simcho Perez confronted Leon de Vargas with a cocked and defiant gaze, manifestly unconsciousness that sudden death seemed nearer to him than it had ever been before, even during his life of perilous daring.

"Leon de Vargas," he said, "that awful pallor which comes upon the face of some man who would slither fly than fight, but who will take the fly, and who will kill if they fight, or be killed, laid his cocked musket-barrel aimed at the breast of the convict.

"I yield, Leon de Vargas!" said Perez suddenly, after an instant of perplexed silence, and he took his hand upon one knee, and bowed his head to the floor in the attitude of penance.

Then, still kneeling, he held his palms toward Leon, and added:

"I yield to Monsieur Leon de Vargas—here on the spot where his father was assassinated!"

Leon de Vargas answered in a voice of which the usual imposing voice, in a tone distinct but not very loud.

"Where shall follow? and what shall be that?" demanded Leon, amazed, but not off his guard.

"I am one who some twenty years ago, chanced to be near the spot where Leon de Vargas was fought here—by Don Amigo, your father," said Perez, looking up at Leon, of course, as he spoke.

"I have heard something of that affair," said Leon, "and was told that Don Amigo had his eavesdropping in the Yarrville Mansion.

"Why is you call it a protracted duel?"

"You must have heard of the duel very recently," said Perez, "for it was only a few days ago that I was asked to go to Bayou Lafourche, New Orleans that your father and the father of your cousin perished in the same duel during a tornado. Or did you tell that to deceive? No! Leon de Vargas was not lying when he told that. He believed it."

Leon, much surprised, collected a moment. He remembered that the cousin had called him a liar, and that he had told the father that he died in Cuba, and that he had replied as Perez stated; for so, at the time, Leon believed Don Amigo had perished.

Leon did not suspect the truth; that is, that Perez, for purposes of his own, had told that assertion asked of him.

Leon answered, at length, "that the protracted duel of Don Pico had not been the subject to whose awake of the death of my father.

"I have always since, and each day since, that my father was killed by Colonel Dudley, I never see you before so closely as I see now," he added, with a scarcely concealed shudder of joy, "and I believe I soon see you at a distance. I think I remember that you was in the Yarrville Mansion formerly."

"Was I was, Monsieur," Perez replied, "and myself to him, so I may say that he is my master."

"What is your name?"

"Joseph, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am a voodoo doctor."

"Oh, a Voodoo doctor," said Leon, interested somewhat. "I have heard some new Voodoo doctor came for protection of the Pere Dunn signor, I think?"

"Adriana Star, sir."

"Yes, that is the name. And you are also a Voodoo doctor?"

"I am, sir."

"Good thing what, when I rossed you?"

Something else, sir," answered Perez, in French, and who seemed to be well acquainted with the characters of this young man.

And then Perez invented and told a story of the assassination of Don Amigo de Vargas by Colonel Dudley, which drove Leon wild with rage and vengeance, and made him vow to be brave to kill his cousin Adriana as a sacrifice to the manes of his murdered father. Perez reminded all his story with the statement that Don Amigo had slain her lover at a duel, had raised his pistol and shot Colonel Dudley dead.

After that it pounded but became necessary what allayed, Leon turned to Perez and suddenly and sharply said:

"You have lied to me, Joseph."

"In what, Monsieur?"

"You told me that when you first became aware of my presence you were studying a paper."

"And I was, Monsieur—a plant— Ah! I see!—Monsieur thought I was gazing at this," replied Perez, with ready cunning, and drawing the miniature from his pocket.

Be he detected in one he might to be be detected in others.

"Yes, I saw that on the ground, and I believed it was what you were looking at, and what you were saying was angelic. Give it to me."

Perez obeyed, with assumed humility and readiness; but in his heart he cursed the temptation of curiosity which caused him to surrender, even for a moment, the portrait of his adored Angelique.

"Ah! what a beautiful face! It is indeed angelic!" exclaimed Leon, in French.

"Monsieur has never seen a living face like that—like that, has he?" asked Perez.

"Never. It is charming! It is glorious! It is—it is—Angelique! Is that her name? It is so ideal portrait, of course! Ah! could I but meet a lady so perfectly beautiful!" replied Leon, softly to his own thoughts than to Perez, and gazing rapturously upon the portrait.

Perez, seeing the young man's infatuation, told him that the original of the picture was then hidden somewhere in Louisiana, that she was a quadroon princess, that Pere Dominique was looking for her, and that it was the opinion of Voodoo negroes that one of the servants of Madame Yarrville knew where the young lady was hidden.

"What! One of my grandmother's servants?" exclaimed Leon, in astonishment.

"Yes, Monsieur. I do not know why Pere Dominique should think that, but he does, and he has good reason, of course! Ah! could I but meet a lady so perfectly beautiful!" replied Leon, softly to his own thoughts than to Perez, and gazing rapturously upon the portrait.

Perez, seeing the young man's infatuation, told him that the original of the picture was

LEON DE VARGAS ADMIRING THE MINIATURE RECEIVED FROM PEREZ.

"I have been in the hut," said Leon, "and will not confess at the approaching time."

The young man then started for the Yarrville mansion, and Perez, taking a different path from that pursued by Leon, also repaired thither.

On the next day, that which had happened the night before, the fact that Leon de Vargas had come suddenly upon Leon in the very spot where we have seen him creep upon Perez, and so unduly surprised him as he was gazing admiringly upon the same miniature.

After arriving at the dueling ground, Leon gazed about for some time, and then reclined upon the fragrant grass, lying on a soft side, with his left hand and arm supporting his head.

There lying he adored miniature from his bosom, he placed it on the grass and gazed upon it with fond love.

Beautiful one!" he said aloud, after many minutes of silent contemplation, "beautiful young," Adored Angelique, thou shall be mine! If Adriana Dudley is never, I will kill him! Then must love none but Leon de Vargas, Accursed Leon, that he my wife, Angelique! dearest Angelique! All but night, dear one, I dreamed of thee! of thy life pressed to mine?"

Leon, Perez said this mad follow, in love with a picture not yet dead, but long enough to be distinctly heard by some one who had come upon him, and who had left Perez the preceding day, with the cunning of a fox, but who was standing then at Leon's back, after arriving there with no covert purpose—one who had been listening to what was about to address Leon, on hearing the young man's voice, and who had approached, unobserved, to see what was engaging the miniature, this listener darted a loud cry of rage, and, springing forward, seized and snatched away the miniature as a fisherman's pickle a fish from the water's edge.

Up sprang Leon, with the quickness of a panther, and confronted and beheld his hated cousin, Adrian Dudley!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SWORD DUEL IN THE SWAMP.

As has been stated, Leon de Vargas very much alike in stature and feature. Each was a fine specimen of manhood, although Leon but Adrian's form was the more robust, his face the more manly, his bearing the more dashing. Each of them, and his features fuller and rounder, and his bearing more that of a heartened cousin.

"Adrian Dudley!" exclaimed Leon, his black eyes flashing sparks of indignation, his whole face and form seeming to be ejaculated Adrian, his hand grasping the miniature and violently wrath.

Those two young men, when in the city, were rapiers in walking swords, as was the fashion with gentlemen of that day; but when they left the streets for the woods, swamps, or about the plantations, they wore the cutlass, or sword, of the period.

Leon carried a sword with three, and, as each ejaculated as above, each drew his sword and fell into the embrace of battle.

The musket of Adrian had fallen open the ground, and he had left it there when he left the grass. That of Leon was also upon the sward, but in the closed position of the miniature.

About five paces intervened between the cousins, and they drew back a step, that a blind lance being between them as Leon sprang to the fence.

"Give me the miniature, robber that you are," cried Leon, in the wrath of love.

"It is you who are a robber, or a thief!" replied Adrian, in the same wrath of love and hate.

"Her picture! Ha! you have seen her! You have lied! You have—" Leon could not furiously exclaimed Leon.

"Lied! Scoundrel, you dare call her your Angelique! She is my Angelique!" replied Adrian, as fiercely.

"Diablos!" muttered a concealed and unobserved spectator, who was no other than the spy, Perez, who had left the neighborhood and the three accursed Russian plot that crushed the Yarrville family, Perez, the great difficulty suppressing a "diablos," with which the words would have cost him a visit to the boom of a Columbiad.

Perez, unseen by Leon and Perez artfully suggested to Leon whereby he could poison Madame Yarrville and his cousin Adrian, and thereby secure to himself another his entire estate, including Mercita, from whom he could then work both the paper contain- ing the confession of his guilt and also the second holograph of Angelique. Leon listened eagerly, but was too wary to consult himself with Perez.

"We have been talking a long time, Joseph, for a first meeting. Well, I will think the matter over, Joseph. Were can I find you if I wish to see you—my day after to-morrow?"

"Monsieur, I and an old negro named Jean have a hut in the woods two or three miles from this place. Perhaps you know the hut, Monsieur," said Perez, who then described the locality of the hut.

"And I will find you?" roared Leon, infuriated, and rushing at his cousin.

"Bravo! Now they are at it!" muttered the hidden Perez, whose love to behold combat was equal to his love of revenge.

The surrounding woods new resounded with the clash of steel. The cousins were well matched in skill, and for a time each of Leon and Adrian fought as if he had come to battle with the really more brave Adrian, who was at the latter acted wholly on the defensive, and with but two purposes: the first to guard himself, the second to disarm without wounding his cousin.

"Leon! It is so good a fighting at a cock-fight in Havana?" muttered Perez, delighted. "Ah! Leon will be the victor. He—he—and the stronger—he will be victor. He—"

And at this moment the sword of Leon fell at the hilt.

Leon buried the hilt at his cousin, and made a desperate effort to disarm him, but Adrian, with quick weapons, and for a moment there was a clash of swords.

Leon endeavored to gain possession of his own glass. Adrian made no effort to secure his own, but a violent struggle to keep Leon from obtaining possession of his father's rapier.

"Adrian must kill me, or Leon will kill Adrian," muttered Perez, delighted at the prospect of the strong and active young men over the two snakes. "It does not matter if Leon kill Adrian, for it is better for my purpose—but it will not do for Adrian to kill Leon. I must interfere at once."

He bounded from the reeds with a loud yell.

"Help! Help! Help! Others are coming! others are coming!" and at the same moment the tall and ghastly figure of Madame Yarrville appeared upon the scene, as she forced her way through the dense mass of vines that hung like a curtain between the trunks of two great trees.

The coming of Madame Yarrville was precisely at the moment when Leon had forced his foe upon the ground, and was about to kill him, had fought and died twenty years before, had been buried on that morning, and she had resolved to visit the place alone, and hence had concealed from no one her purpose.

"Diablos! It is Madame Yarrville! Caramba! Leon will be killed!" thought Perez, and, unobserved by either of the others, or not regarded by the madness, he glided from the scene of combat.

This interruption of the impending duel between Leon and Leon was that to which we have seen Madame Yarrville allude, in a soliloquy delivered in a previous chapter.

She sought to reconcile the cousins, but in vain. Leon demanded the picture of Angelique, and Adrian refused to give it up.

"Adrian Dudley, you have stolen my picture!" asked Madame Yarrville.

"Oh, only a miniature of a young lady—which I found, and which, therefore, is mine," replied Leon.

"A miniature of a young lady! What young lady?"

"To tell the truth, I do not know," said Leon.

"Then how did you call the miniature by the name of Angelique? Where did you obtain it?" demanded Adrian.

"Angelique!" exclaimed Madame Yarrville impatiently. "Let me see the miniature, Leon."

"Mother, you must first promise to return it to me, if I refuse it to you," said Adrian, as Leon replied Adrian, with respectful firmness.

Madame Yarrville took it from both of you, if you are to fight about its possession. Give it to me, Adrian."

Adrian drew from his pocket the case, but did not open it. Leon, also, drew a case from the case, and had escaped from the house, and had escaped from the house, as those furious furious rushes by Leon, as he and Adrian fought with their swords.

Leon, in the case in which the miniature was set, mother; but I no longer have the picture. It has slipped from both case and pocket," said Adrian, giving the case to Madame Yarrville, and beginning instantly to search about eagerly to the grass.

Leon, who was a quick and keen, skilled in the secrets of his mother's face, read his features. "He has really lost it. Well, I may find it," he thought. And he joined in the search the ground over which they had fought.

"I command you, Leon, and you, Adrian, to give it to me instantly!" cried Madame Yarrville sternly; and then she became silent, and joined in the search.

The golden case had saved the life of Adrian, though he did not know it at the time, for it had intercepted a sword thrust that else would have pierced his heart. The point of the sword, striking the back of the case, had glanced off and cut open the breast pocket of Adrian. The shock had dislodged the miniature from the case, and afterward, while the cousins were fighting, had slipped from the pocket, the miniature had flown high in the air, unperceived by the combatants, and fallen at quite a distance from them.

Perez had seen it fall. He secured it eagerly, but with secrecy, as he crouched in his ambush of reeds.

The point and edge of the sword had done more. It had sheared off the diamond cross, and nearly all the inscription.

Madame Yarrville could make nothing of it, as she gazed at the mutilated Russian characters.

"Leon, leave from what part of his dress Adrian had just taken the case. She saw that the marks of violent erasure were fresh.

"Was it cut thus, Adrian, before you two fought?" she asked.

"No, mother, Leon's sword did that."

"I thank God," said Madame Yarrville solemnly, "that this case was in your pocket, Adrian, to preserve your life; not oh, Leon, that you have lost the picture, for the fault was there in ways you from being a curse to you. Let us find the picture that has led to you two the hearts of assassins!"

And then Madame Yarrville also began to search the ground for the lost picture.

All search was, of course, in vain.

The strong and heavy hand of the hidden convict clutched the miniature as he crouched in his ambush.

"Diablos!" muttered Perez, "I have it again! the picture of my Angelique! I shall take care that no one shall get it this Sacrifice Perez in alive."

Meanwhile the cousins and their kinswoman continued the search till they became satisfied that the picture could not be found.

Madame Yarrville and Adrian then departed for the mansion, the spot where the duel had taken place.

He gazed after them until their forms had disappeared, and the recesses of the swamp forest, and then threw himself upon the grass in a fit of rage and vexation.

Many things had happened within the last few hours to fill his heart with wrath and mortification, and make him ready for the desperate undertaking of Perez.

Satisfied he was convinced that Perez had appeared for a few minutes during the late struggle, and disappeared quickly at the coming of Madame Yarrville.

"Leon!" he cried, muttering:

"I will go to the old hut and consult with Joseph. Ha! ha! ha! I may find a valuable ally."

And just at this moment Perez emerged from his ambush, bounding, grasp promptly for Leon, and saying:

"Ah, Monsieur, what a pity that Madame came! I was just about to rush to your aid when I heard her coming."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE POISONING WAS DONE.

Perez had returned to the hut and arranged a plan for the poisoning of Madame Yarrville and Adrian. It was of course that was the consistence of Don Sebastian, and so consistent with the character of the man that it was easily accepted by Leon.

The story told to Don Sebastian and Jean Jean was received in belief to that in which Leon de Vargas, believing him to be a Voodoo doctor, had been deceived. Perez had told Leon that he was compelled to be, and applied to him for protection, and that he had been driven from the city by Colonel Dudley and Don Amigo, and that he had been compelled to join his hate to Adrian Dudley and of Mercita, and his fears that Leon would kill him, and that he had chosen him and leave all to Adrian; that to obtain a reconciliation with Leon he had told him that Adrian Dudley had poisoned his father; that he could obtain such power only by becoming sole executor of all the will; that Leon would be could become sole master only by the death of Madame Yarrville and Adrian Dudley; and that he, Joseph, had laid a plan before Leon, which he now submitted to his judgment.

Correspondence of Perez, the two Russians concerning the poisoning of Madame Yarrville, the [illegible] Dudley, and Don Sebastian, Adrian made no effort to secure his own, but a violent struggle to keep Leon from obtaining possession of his father's rapier.

"Adrian must kill me, or Leon will kill Adrian," muttered Perez, delighted at the prospect of the strong and active young men over the two snakes. "It does not matter if Leon kill Adrian, for it is better for my purpose—but it will not do for Adrian to kill Leon. I must interfere at once."

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"And which of the women servants is this one, Joseph?" Perhaps I might force her to tell me. There is not a servant in the mansion of the Yarrville plantations, that is not afraid of me, or to be persuaded by me—except one. But of which one did Pere Dominique speak?"

"My Mercita, Monsieur."

"Ha! Of Mercita the housekeeper?"

"Of Mercita, Monsieur."

"And she is the only one of all the Yarrville slaves," replied Leon, with a bitter impression upon Mercita. "Then I can neither threaten nor persuade."

"It is strange, Monsieur."

Leon did not think it was strange at all, though he did not choose to say so to Perez.

aware that either of her grandsons was absent, went to Adrian's room.

Not finding him there, she went to Leon's room. Not finding Leon there, she returned to Adrian's room, resolved to await his coming, as she supposed he would soon be at home.

She took a volume from his bookcase, seated herself near the table on which the confection was, and began to read. From time to time she ate of the sliced orange, and sipped of the sangaree.

The reader is aware how the poison at last affected her.

Meanwhile Leon waited eagerly to hear something by which he might form a correct idea of what was going on in the mansion.

And at the same time Adraste Scipian was also watching the mansion from the opposite side of the street, hidden in the clump of fig-trees, as we informed the reader in the second chapter of our story.

Adraste Scipian—who was Don Sebastian, as the reader is aware—expected that the poison was to be put into the confections on this night, and was confident, as he lurked in the fig grove, that the poisonous extract would not kill those who might partake of it; and knew well what the effect of the poison would be. His chief desire in permitting Perez to deceive Leon, so that the latter should administer the poison, was through the effect of that poison to gain charge and treatment of the poisoned persons; and to so win the confidence of Madame Varlville by speedily restoring her to health, that he should be well able to fix the accusation of the crime upon Mercita, and then persuade Madame Varlville to sell her privately to Père Dominique, to be carried to Cuba.

But events did not all occur in keeping with the wishes of Adraste Scipian.

Leon, from his perch in the tree, and after waiting a long time impatiently after he had seen Madame Varlville leave her bedroom, at last heard a wild scream within the mansion.

This scream was uttered by Mercita, as she discovered the insensible and apparently dead form of Madame Varlville lying upon the floor of Adrian's room, as the reader has heard Mercita inform her mistress, in the first chapter of our story.

When this scream fell upon Leon's ear he trembled and felt sick. He was terrified, and could scarcely retain his place of ambush.

"Perhaps Adrian has just told Madame Varlville of my intended crime!" he thought, not at all sure that Adrian had not witnessed it. "She is horrified, and screams!"

But it was not long before he saw several of the household bearing the form of his grandmother into her room, and place it upon her bed.

He looked in vain for Adrian, and amid the clamor of servants' voices in the bedroom, he heard one say, in reply to another:

"Master Leon is not in the city. He said at noon he expected to go to Mobile. But Master Adrian's boy says Master Adrian is at the theatre."

A little more keen listening assured Leon that Madame Varlville had just been found dead or dying on the floor of Adrian's room.

"She must have eaten of the poison there by herself," thought Leon, who dared not now attempt to descend from his ambush, as servants were running about here and there in the yard below him, as many were sent off in search of medical aid.

"Were any one to see me getting away," he thought, "I should be suspected of course. I must remain where I am for a time. All must believe that I departed for Mobile soon after dinner to-day. I can escape from the premises during the night, and hide as long as I like in the hut in the swamp. Joseph will keep me well informed. If the doctors detect poison, it will be found that the confection in my room is also poisoned. Suspicion will not point at me, but at Adrian and Mercita."

He remained in his hiding-place for hours. He saw and heard much that passed during that time in the bedroom of Madame Varlville.

He saw the four white physicians, and heard them say, "The lady is dead. We can do nothing for her—nothing can be done for her. She was very old, and death came upon her suddenly, as it often does to the very old."

"So," thought Leon, "there is no suspicion of poison yet."

He saw the Voodoo doctor, Adraste Scipian, in the room, and he heard what he said to Adrian Dudley. He expected to see the other supposed Voodoo doctor, Joseph, who had told him that he would be with Adraste Scipian.

But the pretended mulatto was not in the house. Yet Perez was not far off, and was concealed in the shrubbery of the yard.

Perez had seen Leon make his secret exit from the mansion, and had been surprised to see him climb the tree instead of reëntering the mansion openly, as had been agreed upon by Leon and himself.

"It is safer for me not to be seen," thought Perez, "since Leon de Vargas has not followed my plan. I will watch Leon de Vargas. Something has gone wrong."

Long before daylight Leon glided from his lurking place and directed his steps toward the swamp.

He was followed by Perez, and when the latter judged it safe to reveal himself he called out in a deep whisper:

"Monsieur!"

Leon was on the verge of the swamp, just where the path that led most directly to the hut began.

The voice sounded almost in his ear, so closely and cautiously had Perez followed him.

He turned in guilty terror, drawing his dagger as he did so.

"I am Joseph, Monsieur," said Perez quickly.

"Ah!" replied Leon; and he sat down upon the ground, weak as a sick child, from guilty terror.

"What has happened in the mansion, Monsieur?"

"She is dead."

"Who, Monsieur?"

"Madame Varlville."

"From the poison, Monsieur?"

"Sh! Not so loud. Let us to the hut. We can talk there. You are sure of the old negro?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur. But we are safe here to talk," said Perez, who was eager to hear all.

"No. Let us go to the hut," persisted Leon. "It is there that I wish to conceal myself for a day—perhaps for a week, or more. Come," and he turned into the swamp.

Perez followed him.

"Diablos!" thought Perez. "It is well to know all that he can tell me. To-morrow I can hear something more from the Russians."

On entering the hut they found old Juan apparently in a deep sleep in the rude bed he always slept in at night. The hut contained but one room. The floor was of hard clay, and in the fireplace a few embers were glowing red amid the mass of gray ashes and black coals.

"Juan!" said Perez, in a loud voice, and giving the old fellow a rough shake.

To this Juan replied with a snort and a snore, and a writhing under his blanket; no more.

"The old fellow is in a drunken sleep, Monsieur," said Perez. "He often goes to bed drunk. Here is his canteen, nearly empty. You see, he had not even closed the door of the hut. Some night a panther or a bear will come in and devour him. I have told him so often, the careless old fool!"

Leon de Vargas, in a mood of guilty gloominess, sat down upon a roughly made stool and glared at the red embers.

Perez sat down in an humble posture upon the earthen floor near him, and waited for him to speak.

"How was it," said Leon suddenly, "that you did not go in with Adraste Scipian? I saw him in there."

"Monsieur, as you did not return into the mansion after I saw you leave it secretly, I thought you had decided upon some plan of your own, and so I remained quiet."

"Since you saw me leave the house secretly, others may have seen me also," said Leon, alarmed.

"No, Monsieur. I know that no one saw you. Only I know how and at about what time you were to leave it. Even Adraste Scipian, who was in the fig grove opposite the mansion, could not have seen you. Adraste Scipian, as I have repeatedly told Monsieur, has been led to suspect only that Mercita has long had a design to poison Madame Varlville, yourself, and Adrian Dudley. I have made him believe that, and that I had discovered that she was about to make the attempt last night with a poison she had obtained from old Juan. But, Monsieur, what happened to cause you to change the plan?"

Leon, wholly in the dark as regarded the knowledge of Adraste Scipian, told Perez all that he had seen and heard while he was in his ambush.

"So Monsieur Adrian was absent, and escaped the poison, Monsieur," said Perez, who was already aware of that fact, which he had ascertained while the Varlville servants were hurrying in alarm for aid.

"Yes; and though the four physicians declared that Madame Varlville was dead beyond all doubt, that Adraste Scipian told Adrian she was not, and that he could restore her to health within a week."

"It is clear, Monsieur, that you must remain concealed, and supposed to have gone to Mobile, until we are certain that no suspicion of poison is abroad, or likely to get abroad."

"It is best, in any case," replied Leon, "that I shall really go to Mobile, for the fact that Madame Varlville was poisoned will get out. Adraste Scipian, for the purposes of Père Dominique, you say, is eager to fasten such a charge upon Mercita."

"That is true, Monsieur, and he will, I have no doubt."

"So much the better for me, except that the paper which I gave Mercita may be seen by others."

"As to that, Monsieur, Adraste Scipian has promised me to secure that paper for me. It will be of no use to him, nor to Père Dominique. And, Monsieur, I myself will see to that. Yes, Monsieur, it will be best for you to really go to Mobile, and to be seen there by those who know you. It will be proved—if the matter comes before the judges—that the confection intended for you was also poisoned. I do not believe that Adraste Scipian imagines that he can restore life to Madame Varlville. He has told that to Adrian Dudley only to have free access to the mansion for a time—such time as he may need to get possession of Mercita. No doubt he was much disconcerted in not finding all as I had led him to suspect."

"And what had you led Adraste Scipian to expect?" demanded Leon; but not suspiciously, for he blindly trusted his supposed mulatto kinsman.

"Ah, Monsieur, that Adrian Dudley, as well as Madame Varlville, was to be poisoned, and you also, Monsieur, by the negress Mercita. That you, ill, but able to give orders, would, being prompted by me, command Mercita to be arrested at once. That the poison—so I told him—would not kill any one, but make all three very sick—though to speak truly, Monsieur, he was indifferent whether the poison should be fatal in the end or not. And, as events are, Monsieur, you will do well to depart immediately for Mobile. Your sail-boat is at the Lake shore, and within three hours you can be on your way. Having shown yourself to your friends and acquaintances in Mobile, return to this hut to confer with me. If Madame Varlville is dead, the estate is as much yours as Adrian Dudley's; and perhaps, Monsieur, you may return to find him as well as Mercita under arrest for having poisoned Madame Varlville, and having attempted to poison you. A few days will determine all."

After conversing upon the matter for some time longer, Perez and Leon left the hut—the former to see the latter started on the route for Mobile, and then himself to return to the dwelling of Père Dominique in the city.

Perez was vexed and disappointed. The affair had not advanced as he had planned it, and it was necessary to keep Leon de Vargas

"Diablos!" thought Perez, as he accompanied Leon toward the Lake. "He is after all a coward. He dares not face his deeds. Were he to be suddenly accused now of this affair he would confess all, and cause my arrest—my destruction. I must take care that he shall not return too soon. And I must watch the two Russians also—and Adrian Dudley, who knows an Angelique exactly like my Angelique. And I must know all that the negress Mercita knows of 'Isadora Raymundo'—a million maledictions on 'Isadora Raymundo.'"

About quarter of an hour after Perez and Leon had left the hut, old Juan lifted his bald pate cautiously and looked around slyly. Then he sat up in bed and listened. Then he got up and left the hut, and made a wide circuit of reconnoitre around it. All this without uttering, or even muttering a word.

Satisfied that no one was near, he reëntered the hut, refreshed himself with a long and steady drink from his canteen, sat down upon a stool, and said, with much briskness:

"No biznis ob mine! No biznis ob mine! No, sah! But it 'pears to dis old colored hidalgo dat de cappeu done gone heabily into de pizen trade!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPTAIN CÆSAR.

While Banks was in the Valley, and after Pope had assumed command of the army, the black servants of one of the brigades formed a company on their own hook, promising, should occasion offer, to perform wonders in the way of vengeance upon their former oppressors. There were sixteen in the company at the start. They elected a captain, two lieutenants, four sergeants, and eight corporals, which left only one man in the ranks as a private, and this solitary private, from the arduous and debasing duties put upon him, soon became so demoralized that they were forced to discharge him.

Cæsar, a contraband who had been picked up at Winchester, and who was servant to Capt. Whitmarsh, of the 10th Maine, was elected Captain. He was a stout fellow, and black as the ace of spades, and when his master allowed him to sport a black feather in his hat, and to wear a cavalry sabre strapped upon his hip, he was a sight to behold.

"Wait!" said Captain Cæsar, with a grand flourish of his somewhat tarnished blade, "jus' you wait till we git a chance at dem ar' Rebs. Golly! won't we sock it to 'um!"

And his compatriots of the well-officered company echoed his promise with enthusiasm. They only wanted the chance, that was all!

By and by came the battle of Cedar Mountain—short, sharp, and bloody. In the rear of the position of Crawford's Brigade were several large stacks of hay. The Tenth Maine particularly did heroic work on that day; but during the action the company of Captain Cæsar was not to be seen. When our troops fell back, however, the black patriots crawled out from beneath the haystacks and joined lustily in the retreat.

That evening Capt. Whitmarsh spoke with his servant concerning his conduct during the fight.

"How is this, Cæsar?" he demanded. "They tell me you and your men were hid under the hay all the time."

"Cap'n Whitmarsh," replied Cæsar, with a sad shake of the head, "I am berry sorry to be 'bliged to say it am de truff. I done eb'ry t'ing I could. I 'pealed to de men wid tears in my eyes. I 'pealed to dar pat'r'ism,—I tole 'em de eyes ob de nashun was on 'em,—I ax'd 'em what hope dey could hab in dis world, or in de nex', ef dey flunked now. I—I—fairly went mad wid teasin' dem fellers to come out ob dat, an' go in. But, Cap'n, as sure's you 're born, dey would stay on de wrong side ob dem stacks."

"And what did you do, Cæsar?"

"Me?" said Cæsar, straightening up, and smiting his breast with his huge fist. "What does any commander do 'at hab duty in his heart? Didn't I hear de bullets whizzin, an' de shells screamin'—an' didn't I know dar was danger? Couldn't I smell it in de a'r? Should I desert my command in a time like dat? *Nebber!* NEBBER! *I stuck by 'em, sah! I stuck by 'em!*" C.

JUST TO GET RID OF HER.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"O dear, I am so tired, so *very* tired! toiling all day, and often half the night, for barely enough to keep soul and body together. I must endeavor to find something that pays better than this ceaseless stitching. Four long weeks, and I've made less than twenty dollars. But here comes mother; I must chase away this weary look."

Notwithstanding the smile which welcomed Mrs. Ashley's entrance, the mother could not fail to see that her little Katie was looking really miserable. Six months' constant confinement had made a manifest change in the merry, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl. So young a heart to be burdened with much care! No wonder smiles had fled and roses paled under it.

Mr. Ashley had been a government clerk, and lived up to every cent of his slender income; just managing to keep up a genteel appearance, and send Katie to an excellent school, intending to fit her for a teacher. But ere this was accomplished, Mr. Ashley died suddenly, and the little family were left entirely destitute. Mrs. Ashley was an invalid; she could help in no way to support her little family. So poor Katie, when only sixteen, was forced to leave her studies and put her shoulder to the wheel. A sewing machine was purchased, and bravely she went to work.

At the time of Mr. Ashley's death, many of his friends came forward with assistance. Katie was assured that she should get a position in one of the Departments. Some of the most influential of her father's friends went to work for that purpose. But up to the time our story commences, Katie had nothing to encourage the hopes raised.

Mrs. Ashley gazed in silence for some time on her child, her heart filled with alarm at the change a few months had made. At length she said:

"Katie, love, this will never do. You must not work so constantly. Get your hat and go take a walk. And, my child—" She hesitated. "Well, I've been thinking that possibly, if you would try yourself, and not depend on friends, you might get a position. I should think General Looms, if he knew you, would give you work. He knew your father well. Go and ask him, Katie."

"Oh, mother, it would not be a particle of use. I do not believe he would look at me a second time. You know I am not handsome, and I have nothing about me to produce a favorable impression at first sight. Folks like me after they know me. But General Looms would never care to know *me*, when he has so many beautiful women about him all the time."

"Kate, you have no confidence in yourself. You are so sensitive and retiring. I'm sure, if you would only make yourself known, and tell our necessities to General Looms—"

"What about the General, mother? I know him by sight, and to speak to a little. And he is a fine old gentleman, I think," said Walter Ashley, a boy of ten years, who had entered the room and caught the last part of his mother's remark.

"How, or rather where, did you meet him, Walter?" asked Katie.

"Why, I see him most every afternoon up where we go fishing. Well, it would do you good to see him when he has fine luck. I believe he would sooner draw up black bass than greenbacks," Walter answered.

"Oh, Walter, some time when he is in such a good-humor, could not you tell him who you are, and ask him to give me something to do?" Katie asked, in a tone and manner half serious, half in fun.

"Now, as if he would mind what a boy said! No, Katie, you come and go with me. Ladies often come up to the fishing ground. Yes, indeed they do! Then when he looks pleasant enough, you ask him yourself," said Walter.

"Oh, I never could muster up sufficient courage."

"Well, come with me any how. I am going now. Perhaps, when you see him, you'll find he is not such a frightful somebody," Walter urged.

"Yes, do, dear. I think Walter's idea is very good. Go, at any rate. The change will do you good."

"Yes, mother, I'll go, and try to ask him. I feel truly I cannot stand this constant confinement very long," Katie said, then putting aside her work, and preparing to go with Walter.

They were soon after on their way to the fishing ground. When in sight of the place, Walter said, "The General is not there, but he will come by and by, I guess. I'm glad we are first. I'll get a good position."

Thinking only then of the sport he was after, the boy busied himself with his tackle. Soon his line was dropped, and a few moments after, Katie saw him draw it up, with a triumphant exclamation.

"What a beauty! Oh, there comes the General. An't I glad he didn't get here before. He would have caught this. Now, watch him, Katie. I must to business. I'm going to have a brisk time, I think."

Then in a lower tone, as the General came near, Walter said:

"He will come right up here beside you, I guess, for he most always sits just about here."

Kate raised her eyes to the approaching form timidly an instant—but an instant only; for surely there she found nothing to encourage a longer gaze.

General Looms looked decidedly cross. And the expression changed not for the better during the two hours the poor girl sat and watched.

"No, no," she thought. "There is nothing about him to bid me speak."

Then at last, tired and disheartened, she coaxed Walter to return home.

"What luck?" asked Mrs. Ashley, meeting them at the door.

"Splendid! See what a feast!" exclaimed Walter. He had quite forgotten the real purpose of Katie's going.

"Oh, Walter, mother means something of more importance than your fish," Katie said, with a reproachful look at Walter, adding, "No good luck for me, mamma. I could not dare to speak to him. He looked awfully cross."

"Well, that's so. He did. I never saw him so before. But the fish did not bite for him. I guess that was the reason," said Walter.

"No. He looked cross and annoyed when he first came in sight. I noticed particularly," Katie answered.

"I'm sure I cannot imagine why. Only I never saw him in such a humor before. But don't give up, Katie. Try again. Something, either at the office or home, must have annoyed him. Of course you nor I had anything to do with his cross looks," said Walter.

"I will try, but I have not the faintest hope of success," Katie answered, in a tremulous voice.

Day after day, when Walter returned from school, she would put aside her work and accompany him, returning to the anxious mother ever with the same despondent look on her pale face.

Twelve days passed thus. To Walter it was beyond comprehension. He declared that always before the General looked pleasant, sometimes he was really jovial, and on two or three occasions had spoken with much kindness to him.

"I declare, Katie, it is the strangest thing I ever knew. From the time he comes in sight, he looks cross, and grows more so until he or we leave," Walter said.

"Then I will not go any more. I believe I must have something to do with his changed humor."

"Oh, nonsense, Kate. I never meant to imply anything of that kind. Of course, as I told you before, neither you nor I have anything to do with it. Come on. The change from sitting over this old machine is good for you; so come. If the General never smiles again, we won't care," Walter said. And Mrs. Ashley urged:

"Yes, do. This will be the thirteenth time. Some people say that is a fatal number. With me it has ever been different. Go. I am sure something will turn up this afternoon. I feel it."

"Something! Well, anything will be better than this uncertainty," Katie murmured, kissing her mother, and following Walter, who called out:

"Hurry up, Katie! I want to be up there early, and get my place. We have managed to keep that spot all these days, and I've had splendid luck there."

"It is going to rain, I fear. See how cloudy it is; I had better stay home."

"No, no. Bring the umbrella. Don't you know how much better the fish bite such days, Kate?"

Again they arrived in time to secure the fine place for Walter's sport. And Katie began her watchful, wistful gaze. It was not long before the familiar form came in sight, nearer and nearer, until the poor girl could plainly see the same old look. And it really seemed to her he uttered an angry, impatient exclamation.

General Looms stopped not at his accustomed place, but came right up to where they sat. Planting his rod into the soil in the vicinity of Katie, he looked at her a few seconds, and then said, in a not very amiable tone:

"I did think you would have stayed home such an afternoon. It is a pity your mother has not something else for you to do. Can't *you* find anything more profitable to be about?"

Poor Katie, trembling with fright, stammered:

"No, sir."

Before she could control her emotion sufficiently to say anything more, the General exclaimed:

"Then I can. Do you write a fair hand? Can you count rapidly? But you can learn, if you do not already. Listen to me. Come to my room to-morrow morning, and I'll put you to work, and keep you so busy you will be glad to rest, and not come here every afternoon."

"Oh, sir, you are so kind, so very kind!" Katie, who had found her voice, exclaimed, growing rosy, and really quite pretty, with the joyous surprise. "How can I thank you?"

"By keeping off my fishing ground. Don't you know, ever since you have been coming here, you've occupied my place? And being a young lady, I could not very well ask you to remove. And so I'll give you an office, to get rid of you," General Looms said, then laughing merrily, and looking as he "used to do," as Walter said.

Katie was so overjoyed and reassured by the pleasant tone and manner of the General, that she told him all about the object of her coming; and the General exclaimed:

"And so you came a fishing for an office! But you used the worst kind of bait, my little girl."

"At any rate, you looked as if *you* would *bite* every time," Katie answered, her eyes dancing merrily.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the General. "I really have felt so. Well, I am truly glad to help the daughter of Mr. Ashley, and delighted to get her off my fishing ground."

Mrs. Ashley was watching for her children's return. As soon as they came in sight, she noticed Katie's quick, light steps, and knew something pleasant had happened.

Katie's arms were soon about her while she told of the splendid luck she had met at last.

"Getting an office without asking for it, mamma. Only think of it!" Katie exclaimed.

"Ah, Katie, the true cause of your success was your extreme diffidence and timidity. You are such a modest, retiring little bird, none but those in the home nest know how lovely you really are," Mrs. Ashley said, with a fond look.

And Walter exclaimed, laughing:

"Please give me the credit of placing her in the true position to *command* success."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

In a small, poorly furnished room, in a little cottage situated on the outskirts of the flourishing town of G——, a young girl sat sewing for daily bread. She was very young—not twenty—and she was literally alone in the world. Father, mother, brothers and sisters had all preceded her in the universal pathway to heaven, and if she had relatives more distant she knew nothing of their existence. She had been born to affluence, delicately nurtured, carefully educated, and when she was not quite nineteen had lost, with her father, every dollar of property she had ever hoped to claim by inheritance.

The day was chilly, one of October's clear, cold days that hint of coming winter, and the busy needlewoman was wrapped in a soft white shawl, that softened the effect of the heavy black dress she wore. She was pale from recent illness, but there flitted over her worn face now and again a smile that whispered of some hopeful or happy thought in her heart.

While she sewed a carriage drove up to the door, and a young lady, handsomely dressed in the richest mourning, stepped lightly across the narrow garden path, nodding to the pale seamstress, before she came into the house, and up to her room.

"Sewing?" she said. "Naughty girl! When will you get well if you are so obstinate?"

"I am getting well."

"Prove it by eating some of these grapes, and I will tell you a secret."

The visitor had thrown aside hat and cloak, and was opening a basket of choice fruit and flowers, as she spoke. When she came to sit beside her friend, it was curious to mark the general resemblance they bore to each other, knowing there was no tie of blood between them. Each had brown hair, large brown eyes, soft, clear complexion, and graceful figure, of medium height and size. Each had a low, sweet voice, and the evidence of gentle blood and perfect breeding. Ladies, both of them, though one sewed for a living and one held an inheritance of nearly half a million of money in her own right, as soon as she married or came of age.

As the sick girl ate the grapes, she said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Estelle, you should not have paid Mrs. Martin for my board, yesterday. I have money coming to me for sewing."

"You can pay me again, then. Your worthy landlady seemed so much exercised in her mind, that it was really a Christian duty to ease her."

"But I owe you so much—medicine, delicacies, care. How many nights did you sit by me when I was so very sick!"

"Never mind. You would do the same for me. Do you not love me as much to-day as you did when we shared the tyrannies and advantages of Madame C——'s school together? I wish you would put aside some of your independence, and allow me to really help you."

"Not in money, Estelle."

"As you will. But, Hattie, you will make my *trousseau* for me, will you not?"

"So that is your secret?"

"That is my secret. Nobody knows it yet, but I am soon to be married. I am so lonely, Hattie. Everybody that belongs to me is dead, excepting Aunt Fannie, and I am so rich that I think nobody loves me for myself, excepting Harry Munroe."

"Harry Munroe!" Hattie said, turning white to her lips.

"I really believe he loves me for myself alone," Estelle said. "He is not poor, and he is so good!"

"And you love him very much?" Hattie asked.

"No; yet I respect him, and love will come. Do you know him Hattie?"

"I work for him. That bundle upon the bed, for which I am to receive six dollars, is work for Mr. Munroe."

"Does he pay you well?"

"The usual price. Estelle, will you do me one great favor?"

"Certainly I will."

"Take that bundle of work home for me, and wear my bonnet and shawl. Keep your vail down. Estelle, do this for me!"

Estelle looked in surprise at the eager white face raised to hers.

"I will call John," she said.

"No, no. Your coachman will not do. Leave your carriage here, and take the bundle. Wear my bonnet."

"You want me," said Estelle slowly, "to go to Mr. Munroe's store for you, in your dress, with your work, to personate you?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You have some good reason?"

"Indeed, indeed I have."

"I will go then. It is nearly dusk, but I have not far to go."

It would be hard to say which of the young girls was most agitated, as Estelle dressed herself in the shabby shawl and bonnet, and started with the bundle of work. When the door was closed after her, Hattie threw herself on her knees by her bedside, praying, with streaming eyes:

"Help me, Heavenly Father, to bear it. Save her, and keep my heart from breaking!"

And as she prayed, Estelle hurried along the streets, full of anxious pain and vain speculations.

Entering the store in the dim twilight, she found no lamps burning, and was directed by the clerk to the back of the store. Here, busily engaged in tying up some goods, a tall, handsome man of about thirty looked up as she approached.

"Miss Frank with some work," the clerk said, and went back to his place at the front of the store.

The handsome owner of the large establishment dropped his bundles, and leaned over the counter.

"Hattie," he said, in a low, *loving* voice, "where have you been for weeks?"

"I have been ill," Estelle said, steadying her voice by a great effort.

"Ill! Why have you not sent me word? You know I have not your address. Ill! My darling, you cannot guess how anxious I have been."

"Have you been anxious?"

"Can you doubt it?" he said reproachfully. "You are weak still; your hand trembles on the counter. I will see you home."

Estelle bowed her head in mute assent, and in a few moments they were in the fast darkening streets together.

Into the ear that could scarcely believe its own hearing, Harry Munroe poured a love story of anxiety and trouble, till Estelle spoke.

"But," she said, "I heard you were to marry the heiress, Estelle Murray."

An oath in a low whisper answered her, before the tender voice replied:

"Who could have told you such an absurd tale? She is a friend, and her custom is quite an object to me, so that I am forced to pay her some attention. That is all."

"You do not love her then?"

"I love no one but you, Hattie. Surely you should know that."

"This is my home," she answered, opening the little garden gate. "Will you come in?"

Together they entered the little parlor, and saying she would return when she removed her bonnet, Estelle left Harry Munroe and went to Hattie's room.

"You have saved me," she said abruptly, as she threw aside the bonnet, with its long crape vail. "Now tell me about yourself."

"It is not a very long story," Hattie answered.

"My poor, pale darling!" Estelle cried, as her friend broke down, sobbing bitterly, "you love him?"

"Oh, Estelle, he has been so kind since father died; they were engaged in some business speculations together, and he was always trying to hold father back from the unfortunate investments that ruined him. After he died Harry gave me work, and was very kind, very— Oh, Estelle, I believed so firmly in his love and honor, that present burdens were all light to bear, thinking of the happy future as his wife."

"Yet he never visited you?"

"No. After we sold the old house I came here unknown to him. Mrs. Martin is our old washerwoman, and she gave me a room, but—it was a silly pride, Estelle—I did not want him to come to this poor place, after knowing me so long in our old home."

"Will you see him now?"

"Is he here?"

"Yes; but you are not fit to meet him. I will go down."

Harry Munroe had studied all the objects in the little parlor by the light of a dim kerosene lamp, and was wondering what could detain Hattie so long, when there entered at the parlor door a composed little lady, who spoke in a tone clear, cold and sharp as icicles, saying:

"Mr. Munroe, when I inform you that Hattie Frank is a dear friend, an old schoolmate, that hid herself from me in her poverty, and was found again only a few weeks ago, when she was ill; when I tell you that I carried home her work this evening, and was your companion in your walk here, you will scarcely be surprised that I return your ring, and inform you that your visits will in future be unwelcome both to me and to her. Good-evening."

He was alone again before he had time to utter a word, and Estelle, returning to her friend, found her in a fainting fit. Another long illness followed, but Estelle kept faithful watch until her nursing was rewarded by the convalescence of her patient.

When Hattie was able to sit up again, Estelle said to her:

"I want your forgiveness, Hattie, for taking unwarrantable liberties with your private affairs while you were ill."

"You have it. What have you been doing?"

"I was looking into the little black trunk in the corner, for some articles of clothing, and lifted the tray."

"There is nothing there but poor father's private papers."

"Which I took the liberty of handing over to my guardian, who is a lawyer. I was quite convinced from what you told me that there was some foul play regarding your father's property. My suspicions were correct; and among the papers were such strong proofs of Harry Munroe's villainy, that he was glad to compromise, and leave the place. So, my dear, when you are able to attend to your own affairs, you will find fifty thousand dollars in the Good Will Bank, subject to your order."

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

"Undoubtedly you are entitled to more, but my guardian thought it advisable to avoid the expense and trouble of a lawsuit, and Mr. Munroe was only too glad to meet him half way."

"He has gone, you say."

"Yes, he has gone. He probably intended to gain possession of your father's papers through his pretended love for you, but defeated his own aim by his over-eagerness to become master of my money. Do you feel satisfied, Hattie?"

"Only dissatisfied to think how poorly I can ever thank you and your guardian."

"And you will come and make me a long, long visit, until you have a home of your own?"

"You know that I will. Oh, Estelle, Estelle, what an escape we have had!"

"A narrow escape!" Estelle said gravely.

—In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE RUNGERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There is a hunger of the frame,
Fed in presence the mortal flame
Of the body's life-blood;
To know all through Creation thrived,
Till in another clime,
Without it, when the fiery struggle
Within Humanity be thought
So fed and satisfied.

There is a hunger yet, but vast
Beyond the reach of time,
And never more to die;
That of all hungers utmost craves,
Unsated by flame or earthly waves;
That has the broadest desire,
The highest aim,
Yearns for its very life
Without it, love could be no grace
With eternity, no soul-beauty,
Nor heaven be heaven.
Immortality might die,
No God, no sense of Right, no Justice,
One dark Force, withering sea.

Bless we Heaven for this hunger—
That in its boundless tenderness
All our lower deathless part!
Thus fed through all the Centuries long,
Our spirits shall grow like Him,
And answered perfectly will be
Love's and Friendship's unmisty
When all are in Heaven
The Hungers of the Heart!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA S. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "INVISIBLE GUARDIAN," THE "WHITE MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MESSRS CLEMING AROUND THE IMPOSTOR.

The bridal morning opened in gloom and confusion, and Marion grayed fervently that it might be a type of the sort of life which she was about to enter.

A letter had been sent to Mrs. De Lorme on the previous evening, apprising her of Spencer's arrival, and requesting her to come over to Le Bocage with her daughters by two o'clock, as the bridal party would assemble at the one hour. At half-past one the carriage was observed; and at five, the steamer on which Herbert had engaged passage, was expected to be at the landing.

Marion and Clarice had become good friends in a few hours' acquaintance, and the young girl petitioned to be allowed to assist in preparing her for the momentous event about to take place. The bride willingly accorded, and said:

"I shall put the finishing touch to my toilet, by twining living roses and orange in my hair. In the conservatory there is a tree in bloom, and if you will go with me, Miss De Clarice, the best service will be for you to gather them yourself."

"Oh, that I will gladly do, for I have not yet explored the conservatory, and I am a passionate lover of flowers."

She sprang away, elated with the thought of being of use, and soon returned with the fragrant blossoms. As the young heart so she walked among the flowers, admiring their condition, and inhaling the perfume of the how that many in bloom.

She had filled her basket with the fragrant orange blossoms, and was about to leave the place, when her steps were arrested by the sound of a voice calling her name. It was Zelima, who had been on the watch for an opportunity to speak with her.

She was standing at the entrance of the conservatory, which opened upon the garden, and Clarice cast a half-startled glance at the tall figure and strange face. But she knew this must be one of the family servants, and she returned to meet Zelima as she advanced a few steps. With grieved confidence she child said:

"I cannot remember you, but I was such a little thing when I was taken away that you can hardly expect me to do so. Still me your name, if you please."

"Zelima," said the slave, and she paused to wait on your mis. A lovely young lady she was; and I was very fond of you when you was a little baby. I thought it was a good chance to see you after I go away, for I'm to leave with Miss Marion to-day."

"But how is that, Zelione? I remember your name, but I can often forget even people of you as housekeeper here, and he had such confidence in you that I am sure he will be heard him say things were not as right as they should be. Is your mother ill? Will me your message, and I will go to her."

Clarice tried to learn what Zelieme referred to, but she seemed unable to tell her. She shook, however, promised to interest herself in Zelieme's fate, and add Estelle to her home Clarice—keep her for her own servant.

She took up her basket of flowers and flitted away, and after putting her flowers in water till the time for using them, she went over to Sylvia and asked her for the key of her father's room.

"Well, I che, it's do fast time anybody should enter there," said Sylvia, but as you girl, as Clarice wished it of me, I will not refuse."

It was yet early in the day. Herbert and Mr. Olden had gone out with Miss Lovaine for a walk. Marion was to her own room, attended by Zelima to assist her in her toilet, and Hester had thrown herself upon her sofa and was thinking bitterly, for a moment, of all the previous night had given her a weary. Julian looking what she termed a cold stare before the arrival of Mrs. De Lorme and daughters, and then parting from her room or with loving words. She sincerely respected and kissed her gently on her brow. Light as the touch was, it aroused the sleeper, and her eyes flashed open with an expression that startled the girl. For one instant there was an aversion and anger in their glance, which seemed to add:

"Am I never to be free from interruption and espionage?"

Why, Hester, what is the matter with you? Are you sick, or have I given you any offense, my dear?"

Hester rallied her tell-tale orbs beneath their long sweeping lashes, and dreamily said:

"Pet to you, my darling? It is happy awakening for me, for a terrible dream was passing before me. I thought an angel and a fiend were struggling to get possession of my soul, and the dark spirit was about to conquer when you came. I am grateful to you, my child, for the sweetest of all ministries—kindness to your sister—was beside me."

Then you did not mean that look of repulsion for me? You cannot think how it chilled me through. Never, never do it again. Come with me to papa's room, that to-gether we may look upon him, with your mother and mine beside him."

The heart of Hester trembled, and after a moment's silence, during which Clarice vainly tried to interpret her look, she said:

"I have revealed that scene to you, my father, for I felt as if my heart would break if I locked on the pictured face of the father who was so cruelly snatched from us. But I will not refuse your petitions, Clarice. I must go in there some day with you, and as well on this as on any other; only let the painful visit be over as soon as possible."

"I will not ask you to go there again, if you do not like it, but now I wish you to show me the way" said Clarice timidly.

"After the first shock is over, I dare say I shall wish to visit that room as often as you will. Come, dear; we have no time to lose, for we must get over the excitement before it is time to dress."

Hester took the key from Clarice, and preceded her down the lateral hall, which, with the main corridor, led to the house into two suits of apartments. The room they were seeking was in the rear of the parlors, and the windows looked out on the flower-garden, which lay behind the conservatory. On opening the door, the two who entered found every article in perfect order, and it was with a feeling of awe that they looked around.

Armand Landry, in all his dark and stately beauty, looked down upon them with smiling eyes, and an illshits was the picture that for an instant Hester observed. It was probable that the mobile lips might unclose and demonstrate to her that they were not marble.

The two fair women beside him were lovely types of their beauty; though the fair Mrs. Landry looked far more mature than her sister, although she was but a few months and a year after her own child, but the sooner will wore her bridal robes, and the sweet charm of girlhood yet lingered on her brow and over her smiling lips.

Clarice riveted her eyes on this fresh and radiant face, trying while gazing on it to gain courage to look upon that dim, still form whose fearful fate was yet a horror to her. Hester's eyes wandered to the face of the woman who had rivalled her mother, and met her fixed look of curiosity. Then she, too, turned away her head, and a convulsive shudder of denial had begun to settle over Mrs. Landry when that shudder was arrested, and in the dread that he might lose the original, her unnatural self-control broke, and she was lost to the distinguished artist who did such justice to her charms.

Hester recalled the terrible story her mother had told her on that sad occasion, and not an expression came into her face which betrayed the slightest knowledge of the terrible scandal connected with it.

"Is she dead, who do you look so? That is your mother on whose face you gaze, and you might think she was your most deadly enemy from the expression of your face."

"I was not thinking of her, Clarice, but of something that struck me. I told you, Don't watch me, child, or comment on my looks, for I am nervous, but I do not think I am dreadfully nervous, as you might have seen me on many occasions when I was under the influence of a great excitement. I am sure I was not going to set yourself up in opposition to my wishes. I only begged you to say what is to be done with those who are dependent on me, and what you intend to do with them. I ought to give you the assurance that I am interested in everything that concerns you."

Clarice flushed slightly, and replied:

"I am very grateful to you, dear sister, which I can complete, Zelieme, and Estelle, I would like you most to be, and I don't know what else to do with them. Zelieme is the foster-sister of Zelieme. I saw her, and talked with her in the conservatory. I have promised to hear that she and her son are to go away to-day with Marion. Estelle, I suppose, I pass say that he would never hire out a servant, and I am sure that I do not like any of the others. I do not think that I could bear to part away from the place on which she has always lived, and I wish to remain here in the old waiting-woman. That is my request."

The bride of the night seemed to be a strange choice in the face of the young speaker, and Hester's voice was powerless to reply. She could only endeavor to still the wild beating that had been spoken to her by Clarice, and further before uttered a harsh or unkind word to her.

Hester recovered herself while she was speaking. She quietly said:

"Did Zelieme say aught of this, Clarice? Did she express any unwillingness to go with Marion?"

"No, she declared herself satisfied with the change; but when I told her that I wished to allow her to stay as my attendant, her face became very pale, and she left me."

Zelieme has been spoiled by having unlimited control over the house, and she cannot bear the mistress of it to assert a right to it, Clarice, that I cannot grant the first favor you have asked of me. Zelieme cannot remain. Is she not the foster-sister of your rival, Marion?"

"What did she say to you that appeared mysterious? I should like to know if her thoughts dwell upon the past as yours do."

She said something about her mother that I could not understand. She seemed to think her mother was not guilty of whatever she was accused of. She was very angry with me, though she would not explain of what nature the charge was."

Since she has dared to say a word to you do I command you, Hester with pale lips and flashing eyes, "I will be heard. It is a cunning thing to reveal to a girl so young as you are, but you have no right to listen to it. Don't speak out now, or leave you to think me hard and unkind, for I have reasons for all I do and inform. You shall hear the truth, Clarice, but I warn you that the revelation will be a terrible one for a sensitive child like you to listen to."

"I am not sensitive, Hester, I am strong-willed, and believe that you did only what you thought best with reference to my welfare."

"No—you cannot do that unless I explain, as you so unceremoniously demand of me, since," was the reply, uttered almost sternly.

You have brought this upon yourself, and you must bear it as bravely as you can. You have called Estelle strangely to the bedside of mother of mine just now, but if you could have read her thoughts, you would have seen how unjustly you wronged her. Estelle would

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Maud and I, roaming the woodlands together,
In a fullblowned summer of long ago,
Found a bright fountain amongst the dark heather,
And there, on its margin, the Trailing Arbutus,
With sweet scent flowers just sprinkled with snow.

I bent o'er the spring with a bright lily chalice
And handed up Maud a cupful of the water,
And then would have plucked for her hair the Arbutus,
But Maud,
Whose fingered my hold hand, and, with face flushed and sad, said, "Nay: the Arbutus is evermore sacred,
Type of His meekness who shelter'd the lowly."

"Wrestle, if you will, for me the red roses,
Tyrus as they are of my true love for you;
But leave the Arbutus alone in its beauty,
Here in the silence of shadow and dew."
So we touched lips, and moved on to Sunday
Where roses the richest and reddest grew.

And I wreathed for her dark hair the brightest
And fairest,
And the sun was just dying adown the far West
In a rose-colored flame, when we lingered at parting,
And on the vowed love on my proud lovely breast.

The years rolled away, and, from far Georgia
Came
I flew o'er the sea with a lover's unrest.

Still bright'ned her hair, in those bitterest spots
Of
The red roses blushed, but no longer for me;
A richer and nobler now basked in her favor,
And my name was blotted out from her heart.
And I murmured, "Oh, false as the roses that
Yet are dead and forgotten forever to me!"

I ran to the wood, and there still by the fountain
The Trailing Arbutus in loveliness grew.
"Oh, type of His truth! it is well, sweet Arbutus,
That I plucked you not for your lover boon to
Decay!
Henceforth I love not, unless I find maiden
As lowly and tender and truthful as you."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Billy, look at them two uncles," said a small boy who sat comfortably upon his bootblacking establishment, near one of the ferries, waiting for customers.

"Which uncles?" asked Billy. Then, in a confidential growl, "If I was a millionaire with two wooden legs I'd stick me a sitting here, shining boots a Sunday afternoon, and I'd be off on a space somewheres."

"Me mother," said Jack. "I've a mind to she's seen me."

Unconscious of these remarks, the two young men who had occasioned them hurried on toward the ferry-boat. They were not on small millionaires, but considering the unfortunate fact that they were only two of the many dry goods salesmen of New York manage to produce the general effect of style and wealth, when attired in what might be allowed to be their "Sunday go to meetings." Silver-gray suits, of the latest cut, tweeds, with the most wonderful flaws at the cuffs, gloves such as a belle might wear in a ball-room, boots that needed no "shining," stools that, for all purposes of parade, would be useless, were delightful dandies.

In that guise they started for Maple Hill, the place of their birth, where, before they had flown years before, two little orphan boys as helpless and ingenuous as new-fledged birds to occupy the fine and inventive position technically known as "cads." In the street in which they were now salesmen.

"Well," said Lamar, "I must say the handsomest, as they left the boat on Maple Hill, "you've done us proud this afternoon, Ned."

"To Aunt Dixon's," said Charlie, with something like a blush.

"Always Aunt Dixon's," said the other. "Now, Charlie, Dolly is a very nice girl and all that; but just think of it before you go any further. You are a handsome young man; you have a good position among men and millionaires, on those dry goods counters, and you'd rather marry a blessing. Now there are two pretty girls down at the Grove, and you can't do it; the way they dress, and all that, that it's solid wealth; and the old lady—I'm sorry, but it's a fact—the old lady can't live long. She knows it herself. She has got the blood disease, or something of the kind. And she'll divide all she has evenly between the girls, of course, and then Miss Angelina's fine handsome girl I tell you. But there's Dolly, and she's not a bad looking girl either, you know. They going there as often as they know you like it, I speak as a friend and brother, Charlie."

"Ned," said Charlie, laughing, "I don't admire Miss Ida Fairweather in the least, and all the money in the mint wouldn't tempt me to marry a girl I didn't love. But it's not only Dolly that takes me to see Uncle Dixon's. You know I've always been fond of the old man, and, though he's rich, there are very likely a couple of poor little rascals with no one to care for 'em, when our games were dead. When the funeral was over, they came into the house—how little we left it by the way—and two sat on—and she took me by the hand and he took mine; and they cried us and fed us, and found us places in New York, and everybody's been so good to them, and I've always got to call them uncle and aunt, though they are no relations whatever. It's a them, Ned, indeed I am."

"Of course," said Ned; "I got to see them now and then myself; but they are very plain folks. Don't suppose they own anything more than that little brown house and vegetable garden. He looks like Adam, in his long called coat and straight-brimmed hat, and she's a perfect duck, suspenders and pinnable. Which she was regarding with a tenderness which almost made Charlie desire to change places with the naked little morsel.

Over the fence came at that moment old Uncle Dixon, with his watering pot.

"Flowers must have water if it is Sabbath day," he said half-apologetically. "How are ye, Charlie? How's trade?"

"Always fair as if one of my own boys was a coming when I see you," said Aunty Dixon. "Set down, Charlie, set down. I'll get ye a bite if I can, and Dolly'll make ye a cup in the rocker. Dolly. We'll sit out here till the sun goes. Ye vines is so cool and green, and the birds chirks a body up like."

And Charlie sat in the big rocker; and the three chairs swayed back and forth in true Yankee style; and they all looked down at the interesting lavalid in the old hat, and talked about him.

It wasn't brilliant talk, neither was it particularly sensible, in the monetary sense, but they were very happy.

After a while, a personage in a large apron stuck her head out of the window, and said,

"Dolly," paused, and added, "Maury me," here splendiferous you do look, Mister Charlie! Put on yer hat, and let me see you all fixed."

It was Hannah the "help." Call her servant, and she would take French leave. And Charlie put on his hat, and "blushed to be admired."

Then they had a country tea of homemade bread, pea-cheese and strawberries, in such profusion that Charlie could not help remembering the tiny preserve platefuls which passed about the table at his New York boarding house.

Hannah, having looked in to say that she was "going to see how Miss Green's baby was, and they must excuse her," which was her way of avoiding the idea that she took her meals by herself, and yet sustaining the fact, Aunt Dixon had left the quartette alone to enjoyment.

Then new sins it was afterward, when Aunty Dixon, standing still, went up on her toes to see, and Uncle Dixon went to sleep in the old settee, and Dolly went in the shelter of the porch, nestled closer to him, uttering the impetus of his shrinking arm. They said quite still.

The little rustle of the leaves, the chirp of some insect in the branches—those were the only noises. After a while the moon arose, white and as her full. The light fell over Dolly's head, and seemed to surround her in the air, giving him such a look as the loving dove may have had all the ages among.

"My little Dolly?" said Charlie, "Will you be mine some day—mine always?"

And so, when he had kissed her, it was settled.

Meanwhile, at "the Grove," the father's mind had relieved, and his and mamma were enter-

taining the rich elderly clergyman, Mr. Marmaduke. And Ned, as before stated, is alone.

"You really look charmingly to-night, Miss Angelina," said Ned.

"Only as usual, I suppose, Augustus. That's a poor compliment."

"Why, what I think about *that*," said Ned.

"No, I don't, I'm sure."

"I want you to tell you I do."

"If you like."

"Then you look just as I want my wife to look."

"Oh, dear me" with a light laugh.

"You understand me, don't you, Angelina? You are the girl I intend to marry."

"Are you sure?" with a toss.

She thought as a broker thinks of stocks.

"I wonder what Ida Fairweather is doing well, I'm two-and-twenty. Mr. Mayoumire seems to see a good deal of that, at least. Mamma may die any day. I think his ships are coming. He can't be poor. Poor Ned. Shall I not?"

And then as we tenderness mixed up with this—only a certain cold consciousness that the girls of our period are taught to call de bar double.

"Have you thought?" asked Ned. No shake nothing.

"Am I to blow my brains out?"

"Poor Ned."

"I'd like to kiss you."

"Poor Ned. Mr. Mayoumire is looking directly this way."

"But you are cold-as."

The two brothers made confession to each other on the way home that night, and congratulated the other sincerely.

Time wore on. Ned seemed enough to present his Angelina with her fine engagement ring, and took her to the opera several times in the season, and sent her bouquets on various occasions; or twice whether it was necessary to be sent, or not, and was altogether as good a gentleman quite so much.

Ned had a very wealthy lady in the house with him, however; that was a great deal to say, and Ned was not the man to say it lightly.

Charlie had begun to save, and had abandoned his fast ways, and was doing well, was going for promotion. He did all he could to please Dolly, and Dolly did all she could to please him. He presents which she loved for his sake. They were very happy in their love.

As for Angelina, how it came about Ned never knew, but Ida Fairweather was a friend of hers. Ida Fairweather had had a very severe attack of her heart disease, and Angelina had kindly asked her to stay with her, thinking change would have to wait until she was out of mourning. Her cousin was actually very good, poor Ned, but he tried to shake off the fetters of his bondage, and was always in the house on the same evening.

Charlie came to the wedding, and of course Aunt and Uncle Dixon and Dolly; but even Dolly's pretty cheeks were brier's-small. And Mr. Fairweather looked thinner than ever, and Uncle Dixon's simple black silk with a certain scorn. It was not a fit, nor of the time, but it was worn have been turned.

Ned said it was the last time she sneered at anything on earth. She died the next night, alone in her bed, and the servants found her crapped back. They were weeping when they told Ned, and Ned—Ned was thinking.

"We were not a day too soon, my dear," for all that.

The poor lady's funeral was over. Ned and, it truth were told, Mr. Marmaduke, were progressing a little anxious about the reading of the will. Mr. Fairweather, who was generally sent to the beach African Museum at Cape Town to look after his interests, was expected to arrive in time for the reading, but was not present. It is about fifteen feet long without the tail, and has a very large head, and a large eye, and a mane-like, bushy and rather coarse hair.

"I thought that Mrs. Fairweather was a wealthy woman," said Charlie, thinking of his brother.

"Well, most folks did," said Mr. Dixon; "but poor Tilly wasn't; no, poor gal. You see, my wife's grandfather's second wife she was fond of my wife, and she died without chick nor child. So she left the Grove to her; and says my wife, says she, 'Why, we're comfortable here, and we love the place, and as'll' your poor sister is in distress—only a little one, you know, and she's got children—let her have her five thousand.' You see, never [illegible] was going, and we felt for her," and we did. And I never heard it's the family says she, but I'll just make a will, and give the Grove and ten thousand dollars to Dolly when I'm gone. We don't need no affairs, says we. So you see I was Dolly's friend, and, poor gal, she was extravagant, they say, but I never see it, and I'm glad I never did. And if the gals wasn't settled, they'd miss the Grove, and Dolly's got a man to look after her, so he kinda I feel.

"Why, grandpa, you never told me the Grove was yours," said Dolly.

"No," said the old gentleman. "You see, your grandmother, she's the family, and my country that Dolly is an heiress; just let her be courted for love, and then she'll be married happy." So you see, Charlie, you've got down to expectin' with your wife, and grandma says she'll hand it over when you're married, and your poor Tilly is gone and she married."

So that is the way that Charlie and Dolly the wife came to live at the Grove to-day—and when Ned brings his wife down to visit them, there is a sort of remorse, and politics his brother very much when his wife stays at him, and the home general shows

SCIENCE.

The most ancient carvings on ivory are of the mammoth, which has in process of time died out, indeed, that Sir John Lubbock writes them as the most ancient. But the mammoth is not dead in the south of France, and probably the most ancient carvings are those found in the the finest collections of ivory carvings in the world is that belonging to the South Kensington Museum, which has been fully described in a handbook compiled for the purpose, wherein it is stated that the ivory of the mammoth is not to be confounded with the true ivory of elephant tusk and bending ivory. Partially decomposed, it is rendered more brittle than the latter, and Professor Owen's plan of boiling it in a solution of gelatine and glycerine is considered the most necessary of preservative processes.

In the report of the commissioners appointed to investigate the probable duration of the coal supply of Great Britain, it is stated that in the present consumption of coal and increase of ground temperatures, a depth of four thousand feet is the limit to which coal can be worked with profit. This proposition has been met with some quarters with much doubt and diffidence by persons residing at the mines, and by a geologist who had a reputation to lose would affirm that coal could be worked at greater depths.

Mr. Mallet has found that at a considerable depth than twenty-seven hundred feet. The temperature of the rock is some hundredths more or less than 70. At four thousand feet, the temperature would be about 100 Fahrenheit.

The value of oil of turpentine as a remedy for rheumatism is attracting much attention in Paris. The cure is taken in which a fluid, one to ten, to produce the desired end, does not seem in the least objectionable. The oil is prepared by a Berlin match factory at Stettin, England, and is said to be perfectly pure and free from acid. It has a good deal of smell, but not enough to be disagreeable around the neck. A French physician, Dr. Lemoine, has used it with success, and has prescribed it in the form of a pill, which is taken by the patient, and is said to be perfectly harmless.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, a young Frenchman who has just completed a voyage around the world in a pony carriage, and plans to go to Africa. It was eight feet in diameter, and on it was placed a telescope, by which the sun's disk was viewed, and by means of which, and by the help of the mean instruments of the observatory, constructed by Professor Airy, the astronomer royal, in as perfect a condition and as accurate as when it left the hands of the manufacturers, Messrs. Troughton and Simms.

Though the question whether consumption is or is not contagious is considered settled by the negative, Dr. C. J. B. Williams, a high authority, says that, in certain conditions, the tubercular consumptive influence may pass from a person to another, and communicate the disease. Among these conditions he mentions "the habitual use of the same;" a statement which at once suggests the idea that consumption is communicated by the use of eating and drinking utensils